The Illustrated

TARZAN BOOK No. 1

Picturized from the novel

TARZAN OF THE APES

by **Edgar Rice Burroughs**

300 PICTURES

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THE CREATOR OF TARZAN

IS THERE living in the world to-day any writer whose creations are more widely read and followed than those of Edgar Rice Burroughs?

This—TARZAN OF THE APES—is the first of Mr. Burroughs' famous novels to be published in picturized or strip form.

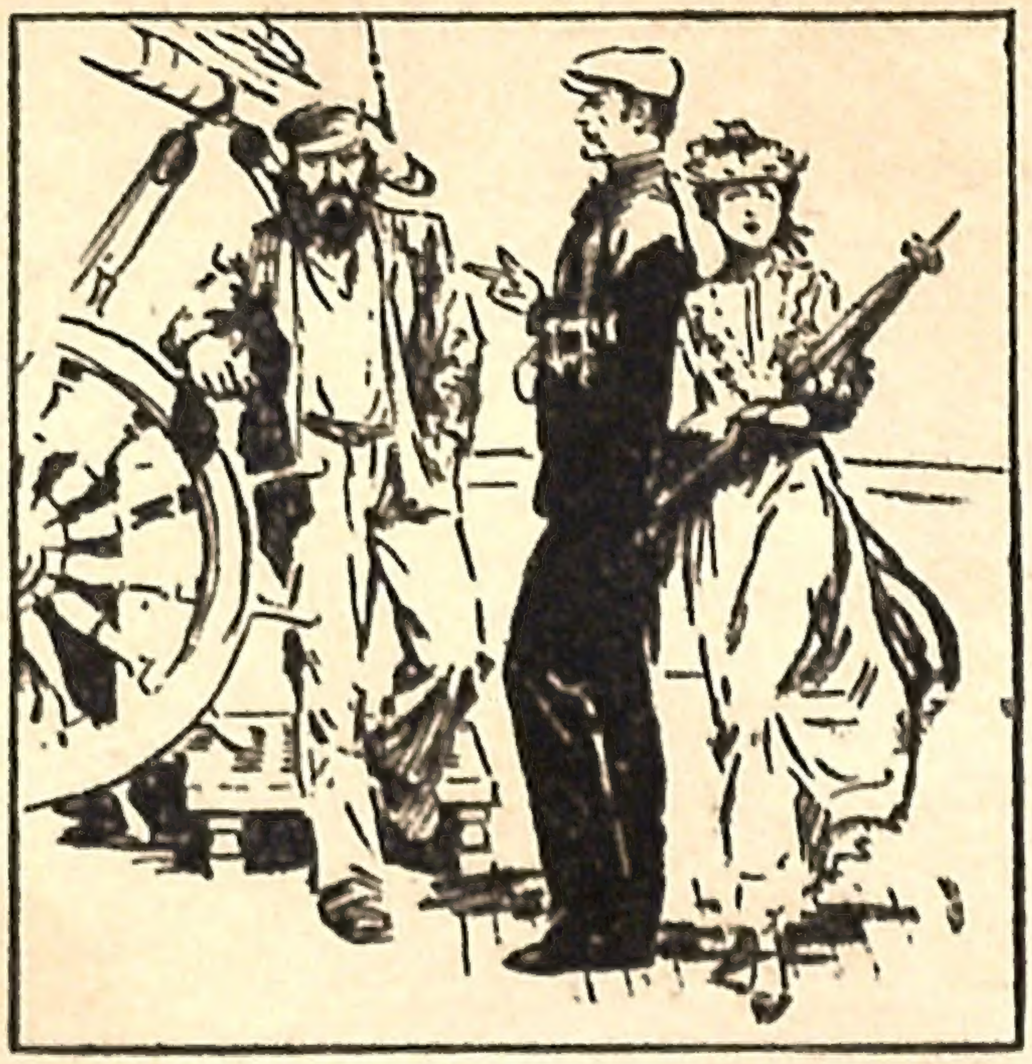
Other TARZAN novels include "The Return of Tarzan," "The Beasts of Tarzan," "The Son of Tarzan," "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar," "Jungle Tales of Tarzan," "Tarzan the Untamed," "Tarzan the Terrible," "Tarzan and the Golden Lion," "Tarzan and the Ant Men," "Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle."

More than seven million TARZAN novels have been sold in the United States and Great Britain. They have been published in Braille for the blind, and in 16 different foreign languages—Arabic, Czecho-Slovakian, Danish, Dutch, Hungarian, Finnish, French, German, Italian, Polish, Icelandic, Roumanian, Russian, Spanish, Swedish and Urdu (Hindustani).

In motion pictures, on the stage, as magazine and newspaper serials and as newspaper strips the TARZAN stories have demonstrated the eager interest of persons of all ages in the adventures of the young English lord who was brought up by the apes.

The author of these fascinating tales has himself had an adventurous career. Born in Chicago in 1875 and educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and Michigan Military Academy, Mr. Burroughs served for a time with the Seventh United States Cavalry at Fort Grant, Arizona; he became a cowboy and storekeeper in Idaho, a policeman in Salt Lake City, and he went to Oregon as a gold miner. Returning to more humdrum pursuits in the business world, he found an outlet for his adventurous nature in writing "Tarzan of the Apes."

In 1888 young Lord Greystoke and his bride of three months sailed from Dover on their way to Africa. He had been commissioned to investigate alleged atrocities on black subjects in a British West Coast African colony. Lord Greystoke never made the investigation; in fact, he never reached his destination.



Arrived at Freetown, they chartered the Fuwalda, which was to bear them to their final destination. And here, Lord and Lady Greystoke mysteriously vanished forever from the eyes and from the knowledge of man. Two months later, six British war vessels were scouring the South Atlantic for trace of them.

Beyond sight of land, the Fuwalda's captain; with a terrific blow, felled an old sailor who had accidentally tripped him. The swarthy bully's brutality caused big Black Michael to crush the captain to his knees. This was mutiny. The enraged captain suddenly whipped a revolver from his pocket and fired.

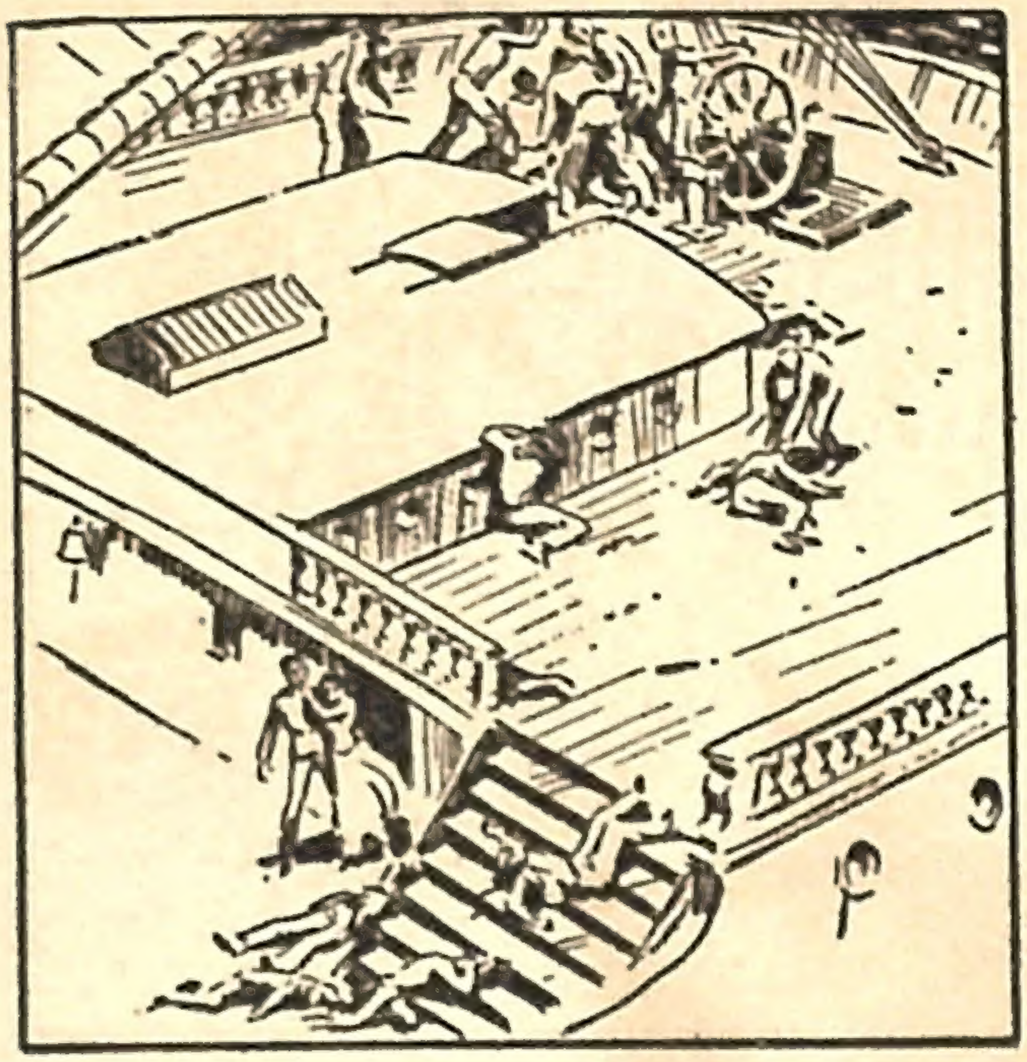
Lord Greystoke struck down the captain's arm, saving Black Michael's life, and thus forged the first link of what was destined to form a chain of amazing circumstances ending in a life *for one then unborn* such as has probably never been paralleled in the history of man.

With suspicion of organized mutiny confirmed, they hurried to their quarters. Even their beds had been torn to pieces. A thorough search revealed the fact that only Lord Greystoke's revolvers and ammunition were gone. An undefinable something presaged bloody disaster!

Lord Greystoke, unfolding the scrap of paper that had been pushed in under the cabin door, found it was a message printed in uncouth letters, warning him to refrain from reporting the theft of his revolvers, on pain of death. Lady Greystoke paled, wondering what her fate might be.

The sight that met Lord Greystoke's eyes, as he emerged on deck the next morning, confirmed his worst fears. A shot rang out, and then another and another. Facing the little knot of five officers was the entire motley crew of the Fuwalda, and at their head stood Black Michael.

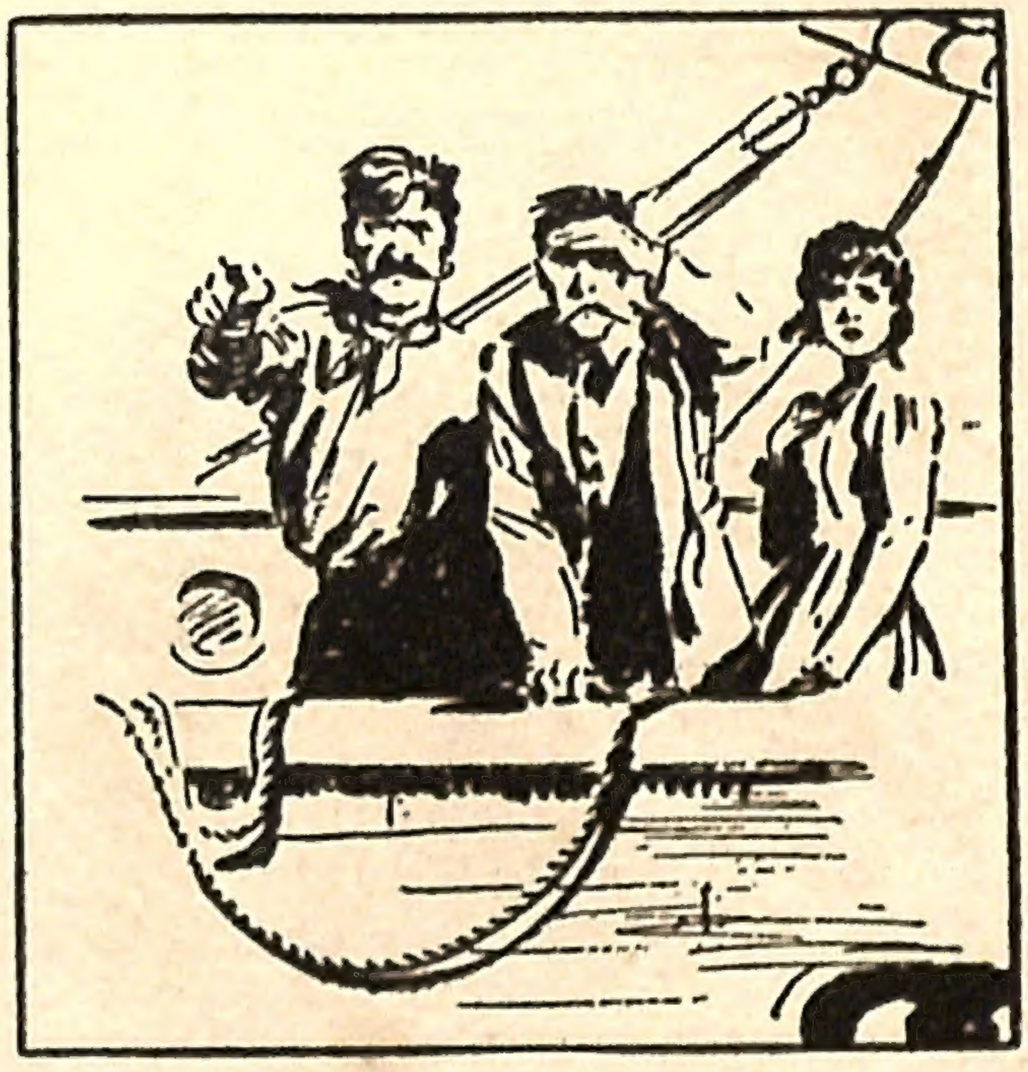
Enraged, the bloodthirsty ruffians charged the officers representing the hated authority of the ship. Most of them were armed with boathooks, axes, and crowbars. The officers retreated before the infuriated rush of their men. An axe cleft the captain from forehead to chin.



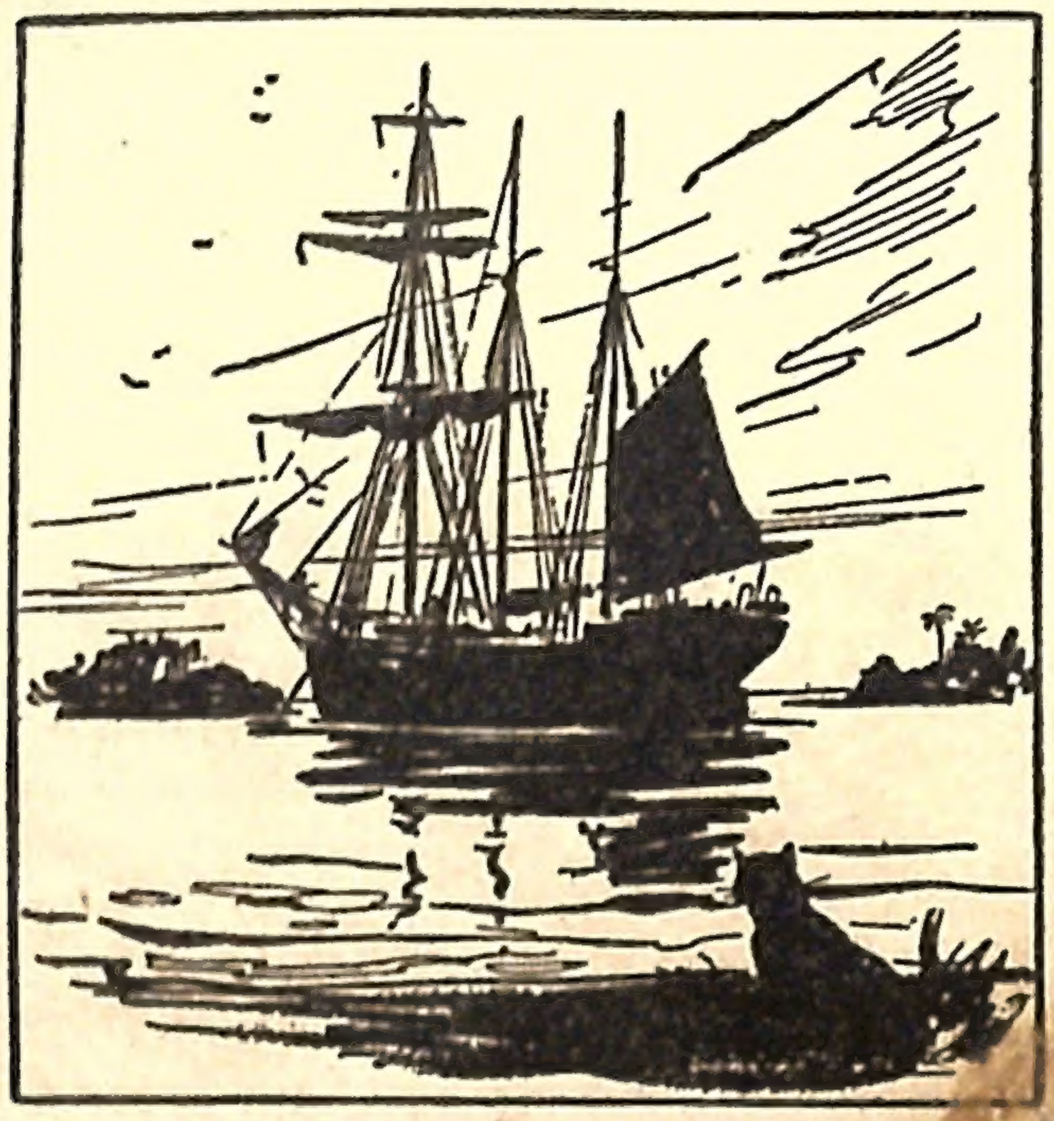
Both sides were cursing and swearing in a frightful manner, which, together with the reports of the firearms and the screams and groans of the wounded, turned the deck of the Fuwalda to the likeness of a madhouse. Short and grisly had been the work of the mutineers.

Though outwardly calm, Lord Greystoke was inwardly apprehensive, for he feared for the safety of his wife, and the little unborn Greystoke, at the hands of the ignorant half-brutes. "Here's two more for the fishes," snarled one of the crew, as he rushed toward them with uplifted axe.

Black Michael was even quicker than the brute who had attacked Lord and Lady Greystoke with an axe, and the sailor went down with a bullet in his back. "I'm captain of this ship now, an' what I says goes," said the mutineers' leader, looking threateningly on his fellows. "These here are my friends. Don't touch 'em."

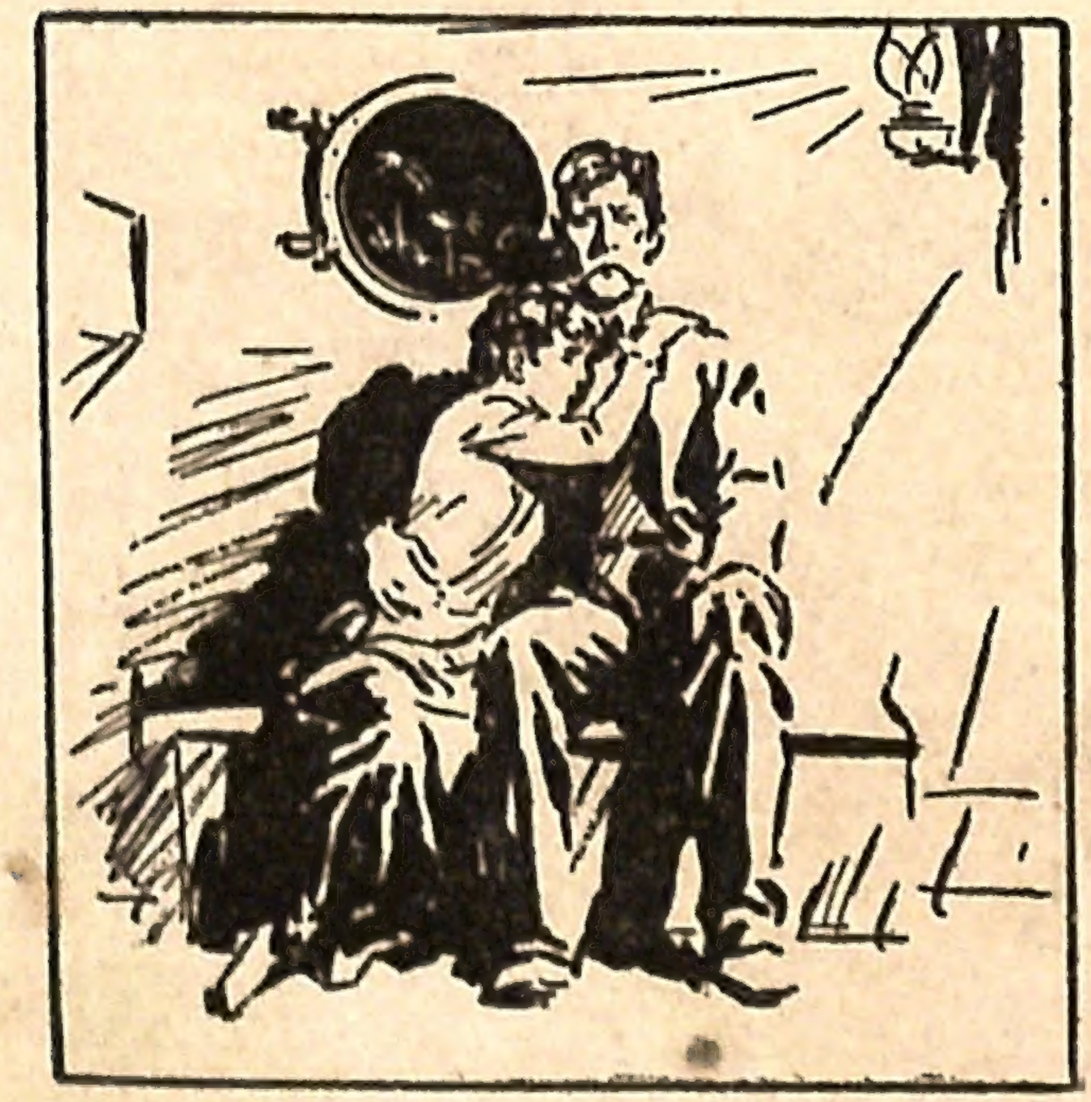


Following the murder of the officers, land was sighted, and they learned they were to be put ashore with their belongings. Remonstrance against the inhumanity of landing them upon an unknown shore, to be left to the mercies of the savage beasts, and possibly still more savage men, was absolutely useless.

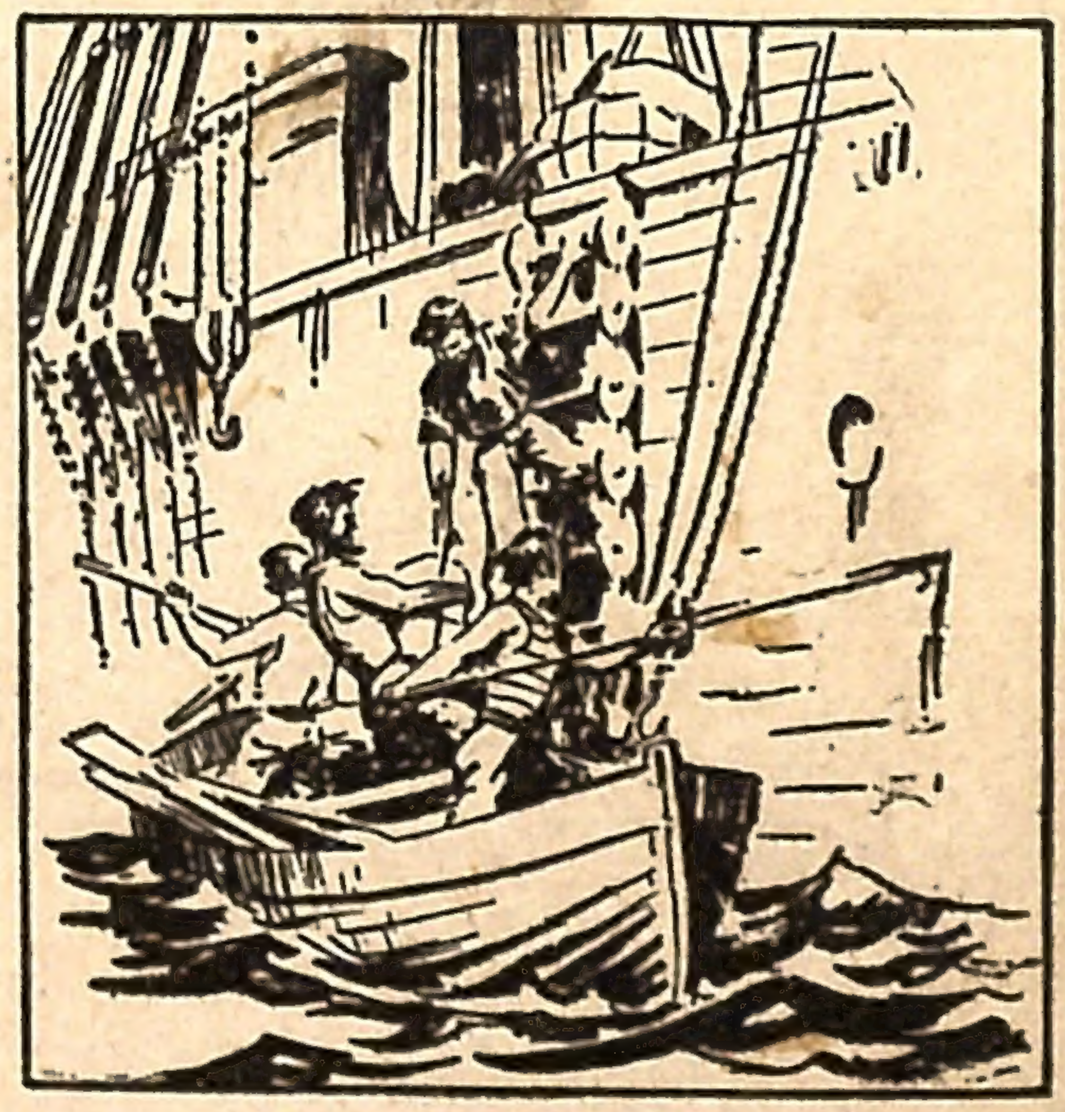


Before dark, the barkentine lay peacefully at anchor in a land-locked harbor. The surrounding shores were beautiful with semi-tropical verdure, while in the distance the country rolled from the ocean in hill and table-land, almost uniformly clothed in primeval forest. No signs of habitation were to be seen.

No pleas, threats, or promises of reward could move Black Michael. "I'm the only man on board who would not rather see you both dead; but you saved my life once, and in return I'm going to spare yours. We put you ashore to-morrow." The deep roar of a lion came from the dark shadows of the distant jungle!



As darkness settled upon the earth, the woman shrank closer to the man in terror-stricken anticipation of the horrors lying in wait for them in the awful blackness of the nights to come, when they too should be alone upon that wild and lonely shore. What treachery awaited them in that dark, mysterious tropical forest?



Early next morning Lord and Lady Greystoke's chests and boxes were hoisted on deck and lowered to waiting small boats for transportation to shore. There was a great quantity and variety of stock, arms, and ammunition, as they had expected a possible five years' residence in their new West Coast African home.

The man shuddered as he meditated upon the awful gravity, the fearful helplessness of their situation. But it was a merciful providence that prevented him from seeing the hideous reality that awaited them in the grim depth of that dense jungle. They silently sat, each wrapped in gloomy forebodings, wondering.

They had escaped death at the hands of the mutineers; but were faced with far graver dangers. Alone, he might hope to survive for years. But what of his wife, and that *other little life* so soon to be launched amid the hardships and grave dangers of a primeval world? His heart sank in despair, considering their future.

Having filled the ship's casks with fresh water, the small boats moved slowly over the water to the ship. As the Fuwalda passed out of sight behind a projecting point, Lord Greystoke and his wife—in the breasts of both, a feeling of impending disaster and utter helplessness—bravely stood, silently watching.

And behind them, over the edge of a low ridge, *other eyes WATCHED THEM—close-set wicked eyes, gleaming beneath shaggy brows!*

Now that the horror of absolute solitude was upon them, Lady Greystoke's overwrought nerves gave way, and the reaction came. "Oh, John, the horror of it. What are we to do? If it were only you and I," she sobbed, "we could endure it, I know; but, the baby—" His great heart yearned to comfort her.

After calming her, he opened the box containing the rifles and ammunition, that they might both be armed against possible attack. His first thought was to arrange a sleeping shelter for the night; something that might serve to protect them from prowling beasts. Together they sought a favorable location.

Four trees were selected that formed a rectangle, and, cutting long branches from other trees, he constructed a framework around them, fastening the ends of the branches securely to the trees by means of rope, a quantity of which Black Michael fortunately had furnished him from the hold of the Fuwalda.

During the day the forest about them had been filled with excited birds of brilliant plumage, and dancing, chattering monkeys, who watched these new arrivals and their wonderful nest-building operations with every mark of keenest interest and fascination. By dusk the snug shelter was completed.

A sharp lookout was kept while they worked, and once they saw their little simian neighbors come screaming over the near-by ridge, and casting affrighted glances over their shoulders, evincing as plainly as though by speech that they were fleeing some *terrible thing* that lay concealed there. What was it?

In the comparative safety of their aërial chamber, Lady Greystoke suddenly grasped her husband's arm. "Look!" she whispered. "What is it? A man?" Silhouetted dimly against the shadows, a great figure stood upright, as though listening, then turned slowly and melted into the shadows of the jungle.

"What was it?" she whispered. "I do not know," he answered, gravely. "It is too dark to see so far, perhaps only a shadow cast by the rising moon." "No, John, if it was not a man, it was some huge and grotesque mockery of man. Oh, I am afraid." He could feel her heart beat as she clung to him, trembling and terrified.

The night noises of a great jungle teeming with myriad animal life kept their overwrought nerves on edge; many times they were startled by the stealthy movement of great bodies beneath them. He lay facing the opening at the front of their aerie, a rifle and revolvers at his hand.

Scarcely had they closed their eyes than the terrifying cry of a panther rang out from the jungle. Closer and closer it came until they could hear the great beast directly beneath them. For an hour or more it sniffed and clawed at the trees that supported their platform.

At last it roamed away across the beach, where Lord Greystoke could see it clearly in the brilliant moonlight—a great handsome beast; the largest he had ever seen. From the dark shadows of the mighty forest came the wild call of savage beasts—the deep roar of a lion.

They soon realized they could hope for no safety or peace of mind until four strong walls effectually barred the jungle life from them. Next morning, after their meager breakfast, Lord Greystoke commenced work upon their house. The task was an arduous one, though he built but one small room.

Two months after, they were well settled and, but for the constant dread of attack by wild beasts and the ever-increasing loneliness, they were not uncomfortable or unhappy. At night great beasts snarled and roared around their tiny cabin, but they soon became accustomed to these oft-repeated, weird noises.

Thrice had they caught fleeting glimpses of great man-like figures, but never at sufficiently close range to know whether these forms were men or brutes. One afternoon while Greystoke was working upon an addition to their cabin, a number of little frightened monkeys came shrieking and scolding through the trees.

Even as they fled, they cast fearful glances back of them and finally they stopped near Greystoke, jabbering excitedly as if to warn him of approaching danger. At last he saw it—the thing the little monkeys so feared—the horrible man-brute of which the Greystokes had caught occasional fleeting glimpses.

It was approaching through the jungle—a great anthropoid ape—and as it advanced it emitted deep guttural growls and an occasional low barking sound. Greystoke, who was at some distance from the cabin, was armed only with an axe, and the ferocious monster had cut him off from escape to his retreat.

Lord Greystoke knew his chances with this ferocious monster were small. He thought of his wife—what would become of her? There was yet a slight chance of reaching the cabin. He ran, shouting to his wife to close the great door should the enraged ape cut off his retreat.

The brute succeeded in intercepting Greystoke. He stood at bay, grasping his axe with both hands, ready to swing it upon the infuriated animal when it made its final charge. "Close and bolt the door, Alice," cried Greystoke. He knew he was facing a horrible death—and so did she!

Over the brute's shoulder Greystoke saw with horror and fear his young wife come through the cabin door, armed with one of his rifles. Always before she was afraid of firearms, never touching them. Now she rushed toward the ape with the fearlessness of a lioness protecting its young.

"Alice," shouted Greystoke, "for God's sake —go back!" The ape charged—the man swung his axe with mighty strength, but the powerful brute tore it from Greystoke's hands, hurled it far to one side and with an angry snarl closed upon its defenseless victim.

Came a sharp report and a bullet entered the ape's back! The beast turned upon its new enemy. Lady Greystoke, terrified, tried to fire another bullet. Greystoke, regaining his feet, rushed to drag the ape from his wife's prostrate form. The bullet had done its work! The ape was dead.

A hasty examination of his wife revealed no marks upon her, and Lord Greystoke decided the huge brute had died the instant he had sprung toward her. Gently he lifted his wife's still unconscious form and bore her to the little cabin. Fully two hours later she regained consciousness.

Her first words filled Greystoke with vague apprehension. For some time after regaining her senses she gazed wonderingly about the interior of the little cabin, and then, with a satisfied sigh, said: "Oh, John, it is so good to be REALLY home. I have had an awful dream, dear."

"There, there, Alice," he said, stroking her forehead. "Try to sleep again and don't worry." That night, while a leopard screamed before the door and the deep notes of a lion's roar sounded from beyond the ridge, a little son was born in the tiny cabin beside the primeval jungle forest.

Lady Greystoke never recovered from the shock of the great ape's attack. She was never again outside the cabin nor did she ever realize that she was not in England. But she took joy and happiness in the possession of her little son and the constant attentions of her husband.

So that year was a very happy one. Greystoke had long since given up all hope of rescue. With unremitting zeal he had worked to beautify the cabin. The tiny life that had come to cheer them little knew what amazing experiences lay ahead of it in the depths of the African jungle.

During the first year, Greystoke was several times attacked by the great apes. But he never again ventured outside without both rifle and revolvers. He had strengthened the cabin and fitted locks to the door, so he had little fear of the huge beasts now continually infesting the vicinity.

In his leisure, Greystoke read, often aloud, to his wife from the store of books he had brought. Among these were many for little children. Also he wrote in his diary recording the details of their strange life and this book he kept locked in a little metal box. It was written in French.

A year from the day her little son was born, Lady Greystoke passed quietly away in the night. Her end was peaceful and the horror of the situation came to him very slowly—the fearful responsibility that had devolved upon him with the care of his still nursing infant son.

The last entry in his diary was made the morning following her death and there he recites the sad details in a matter-of-fact way that adds to the pathos, sorrow, and hopelessness of this cruel blow: "My little son is crying for nourishment—O Alice, Alice—what shall I do?"

And as Lord Greystoke wrote the last words his hand was destined ever to pen, he dropped his head wearily into his arms upon the table. For a long time no sound broke the death-like stillness of the jungle save the piteous wailings of the tiny, hungry man-child. *Then came the apes!*

In the forest of the table-land a mile back from the ocean old Kerchak the Ape King was on a rampage of rage among his people. The younger and lighter members of his tribe all scattered to the higher tree branches, risking their lives to escape his uncontrolled anger.

The other males scattered in all directions, but not before Kerchak had crushed one between his great foaming jaws. A luckless young female slipped from an insecure hold. With a wild scream he was upon her, striking her viciously with a broken tree limb until her skull was crushed.

Then he spied Kala, returning from a search for food, with her young babe. Ignorant of the state of the King's temper, the shrill warning of her fellows caused her to scamper madly for safety. But Kerchak was close upon her—so close that he had almost grasped her ankle.

She made a furious leap far into space—from one tree to another—made it successfully. But as she grasped the limb of the further tree, the sudden jar loosed the hold of the tiny babe. She saw the little thing hurled—turning, twisting—to the ground thirty feet below.

With a low cry of dismay, Kala rushed to her babe's side, thoughtless now of danger. When she gathered the wee, mangled form to her bosom, life had left it. Nor did Kerchak attempt to molest her. His fit of demoniac rage passed as suddenly as it had seized him.

When the tribe saw Kerchak's rage had ceased, they came slowly down from their arboreal retreats. They had passed an hour or so pursuing again their various occupations when Kerchak called them together and with a word of command to them to follow him, set off toward the sea.

And all the way Kala carried her little dead baby hugged closely to her breast. Shortly after noon they reached a ridge overlooking the beach where below them lay the tiny cottage which was Kerchak's goal. He had made up his mind to explore the interior of that mysterious den.

He wanted very, very much to own that little black stick that had often roared out its terrible message of death to some member of the tribe. To-day there was no sign of the man about. Slowly, cautiously and noiselessly they crept through the jungle toward the little cabin.

Kerchak himself slunk slowly to the very door and peered within. Behind him were two males and then Kala clasping her dead babe. They saw the strange white ape lying half across a table and a figure covered by a sail cloth. A plaintive wailing came from a tiny cradle.

Kerchak entered. Greystoke rose with a sudden start and faced them. The sight that met his eyes must have frozen him with horror! His revolvers and rifle hung on the far wall. Within the door stood three great bull apes. Behind them crowded many more—HOW MANY HE NEVER KNEW!

When the king ape released the limp form that had been Lord Greystoke, he turned his attention toward the little cradle. Kala was there before him and, ere he could intercept her, snatched the child herself, dropping her own dead babe in the cradle, and bolted through the door.

High up among the branches of a mighty tree she took refuge, hugging the shrieking infant to her bosom. Then hunger closed the gap between them and soon he became quiet. The son of an English Lord and an English Lady nursed at the breast of Kala, the great ape!

Meanwhile the beasts within the cabin were warily examining its strange contents. Once satisfied they were dead, Kerchak did not again molest the body of either Lady or Lord Greystoke. Presently he halted before the rifle hanging upon the wall. Finally he tore it down and examined it closely.

The other apes sat huddled together watching their chief. Suddenly Kerchak's finger closed upon the trigger. There was a deafening roar! The apes fell over one another in their wild anxiety to escape. Kerchak, equally frightened, but still clutching the rifle, sprang through the door, which shut tightly after him.

The rifle sight had caught upon the door's edge and the latch had sprung as Kerchak passed out. When the apes again brought themselves to approach the cabin, they found it securely fastened. After roaming about for a while, they began their homeward march. And Kala joined them with the man-child.

Kala would not allow the other apes to touch her adopted baby. She held the small form of the little Lord Greystoke tightly to her breast, repulsing with bared fangs and low, menacing growls the apes who attempted to examine this strange baby. Tenderly, Kala nursed her little waif.

It was nearly a year from the time the little fellow came into her possession before he would walk alone. He couldn't climb nor even find food alone like the little apes of their tribe. Tublat, Kala's mate, was sorely vexed, wanting to put the child out of the way.

Tublat argued with Kala until she grew furious and would not listen to him. Then Tublat went to Kerchak, urging him to use his authority with Kala and force her to give up the little TARZAN, which was the name they had given little Lord Greystoke, and which meant "White-Skin."

But when Kerchak spoke to her about it, Kala threatened to run away from the tribe. They did not wish to lose her, and so they bothered her no more. By the time Tarzan was ten years old he was an excellent climber and could do many wonderful things.

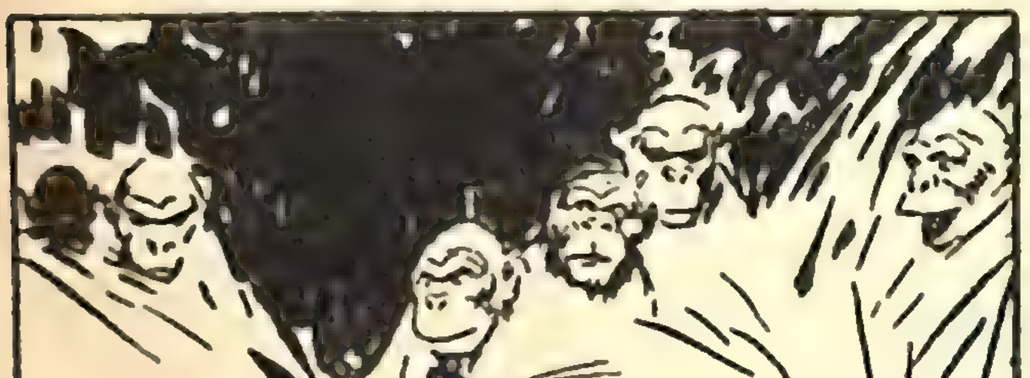
Tarzan was fully as strong as the average man of thirty, and far more agile. Day by day his strength was increasing. His life among these fierce apes had been happy. He was nearly ten before he began to realize that a great difference existed between himself and his fellows.

In the higher land that the tribe frequented was a little lake. Here it was that Tarzan first saw his face in the clear, still waters of its bosom. He was appalled! He turned red with shame as he compared his face and naked body with his more fortunate brother's.

So intent was he upon this personal appraisement of his features that he did not hear the parting of the tall grass behind him as a great body pushed itself stealthily through the jungle. Not thirty paces behind the two she crouched—Sabor, the huge lioness—lashing her tail.

Cautiously she moved a great padded paw forward, noiselessly placing it before she lifted the next. Thus she advanced—a great cat preparing to spring upon its prey. An instant she paused. Then with an awful scream—voiced to freeze her victim in a paralysis of terror—she sprang!

The little ape crouched tremblingly. Not so Tarzan, the man-child. Before him lay the deep waters of the little lake—behind him certain death! Tarzan had always hated water. He could not swim. But before the great beast had covered half her leap, Tarzan felt the chill waters close above him.



Rapidly he moved his hands and feet. Soon his nose was above water. Sabor was intently watching. Tarzan raised his voice in the tribal call of distress. Presently fifty great apes swung rapidly toward the scene. Then Sabor disappeared quickly into the brush and Tarzan was assisted to dry land by some of his ape friends.

Tarzan had early learned to form ropes by twisting and tying long grasses together. By constant experimenting, he learned to tie rude knots and make sliding nooses. Then, with painstaking practice, he learned the art of roping. He would catch some playfellow thus, to the other apes' unlimited amusement.

To Tarzan the closed and silent cabin was always a source of never-ending mystery and pleasure. His own connection with the cabin had never been told him. Kala had explained vaguely that his father had been a strange white ape. He didn't know that Kala was not his own mother.

The apes avoided the deserted abode. Only too well they remembered its deadly thunder-stick! One day Tarzan found the door, spending hours examining it and fussing with the hinges, the knob, and latch. Finally he stumbled upon the right combination—the door swung creakingly open before his astonished eyes.

Tarzan slowly and cautiously entered. He saw three skeletons, giving but passing heed. The other contents riveted his attention! He opened chests, examining minutely strange tools, weapons, books, and clothing. Finding a sharp hunting knife, he immediately cut his finger. A child's illustrated alphabet interested him greatly. Dusk was approaching.

Tarzan departed, taking the hunting knife to show his fellows. Suddenly a great form rose up—it was Bolgani, the huge gorilla! Tarzan knew he must stand and fight for his life. He met the brute mid-way in its charge. They rolled upon the ground in the fierce frenzy of combat.

Tarzan in one hand still clutched the knife he had found in his father's cabin. Accidentally he turned its point toward the hairy breast. As it sank into its body the gorilla shrieked in pain and rage. Then Tarzan plunged the blade repeatedly and to the hilt into Bolgani's breast.

The gorilla tore the flesh at the boy's throat and chest with its mighty tusks. More and more weakly the torn and bleeding arm struck home with the long, sharp blade. Then the little figure stiffened with a spasmodic jerk, and Tarzan, the young Lord Greystoke, rolled lifeless upon the ground.

Far off the tribe heard the fierce challenge of the gorilla. It was soon discovered that Tarzan was missing. Kerchak, the king-ape, was strongly opposed to sending assistance. He had no liking for the strange little waif. But Kala was of a different mind. She fairly flew through the matted branches!

Presently she came upon them under the brilliant moonlight—little Tarzan's torn and bloody form and beside it a great bull gorilla—stone dead. Rushing to Tarzan's side, Kala listened for a sign of life. Faintly she heard it. Tenderly she carried him through the inky jungle, back to the tribe.

Many days and nights Kala sat guard beside Tarzan, bringing food and water in her mouth. She licked his wounds, thus keeping them clean. After what seemed an eternity to the little sufferer, he was able to walk once more. In another month he was as strong and active as ever.

Tarzan was anxious to return to the cabin and continue his investigations of its wondrous contents. So early one morning he set forth alone. He found the knife, beside the bones of the gorilla. Entering, he closed and locked the door and then turned his attention to the picture books.

The pictures caught his fancy most. One, of a little ape similar to himself, fascinated him mightily. It had a strange colored fur, for such he thought the coat and trousers were. Beneath the picture were these little bugs—B-O-Y. Under another picture the "bugs" appeared again—A B-O-Y AND A D-O-G.

Long he puzzled; but slowly, very slowly, he learned. By the time he was fifteen he knew the various combinations of letters that stood for every picture in the little primer and in one or two of the picture books. He persevered for months—each time he came to the cabin.

One day he found a number of lead pencils in a drawer. Scratching upon the table top with one of them, he was delighted to find the black line it left behind it. He attempted to reproduce some of the little "bugs" of his books. It was a difficult task.

Repeated experiments taught him how to hold a pencil. Thus he made a beginning at writing. From then on his progress was rapid. His reason now told him he was of a different race from his companions. He was a M-A-N. He didn't know he could not speak man's language.

On the day Tarzan established his right to respect, the tribe was gathered in a small natural amphitheater. Here, safe from interruptions, they celebrated victories. In the center was one of those strange earthen drums the anthropoids build for their queer rites, which men have sometimes heard but never witnessed.

Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, is doubtless the only human being who ever joined in the fierce, mad, intoxicating revel of the Dum-Dum. This day the grisly rites marked the killing of a giant ape—a member of another tribe. Two mighty bulls laid the body before the earthen drum.

They squatted there beside it as guards. The other apes curled themselves up to sleep until the rising moon should give the signal for the commencement of the savage orgy. For hours absolute quiet reigned. At length, as darkness settled upon the jungle, the apes commenced to bestir themselves.

They formed a great circle around three old females, who, armed with knotted branches, began softly tapping upon the resounding surfaces of the drum, as the ascending moon silvered the treetops. Presently a wild rhythmic din pervaded the jungle for miles around. It rose to almost deafening volume.

Kerchak sprang into the open space, threw his head far back and, beating his breast, emitted thrice his fearful roaring shriek. Other males repeated the horrid, bloodthirsty screams. Then began the mad whirl of the death dance. And Tarzan, sweat-streaked, muscular, glistening, was one of the wild leaping horde!

The weird dance went on. Then at a signal from Kerchak the drums ceased. The males rushed headlong upon the thing which their terrific blows had reduced to a mass of hairy pulp. They now turned their attention to devouring their late enemy. The mightiest apes obtained the choicest morsels.

Tarzan with his sharp knife slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for. Old Tublat spied Tarzan with the prize and wicked gleams of hate shot from his little eyes. Tarzan saw the great beast's purpose and leaped nimbly away—Tublat, however, close upon his heels.

Swiftly he sprang. Gaining a lower limb, he climbed rapidly, followed closely by Tublat. Up, up he went to the highest branches, where his heavy pursuer dared not follow. There he perched, hurling taunts and insults at the raging, foaming beast fifty feet below him. And then Tublat went mad!

With horrifying screams and roars, he rushed to the ground among the females and young, sinking his great fangs into a dozen tiny necks. Tarzan witnessed the whole mad carnival of rage. Now he saw Tublat dash toward Kala, his foster-mother. Tarzan dropped swiftly and faced the infuriated brute.

With a roar of triumph, Tublat leaped. Tarzan plunged a keen hunting-knife a dozen times into him. The ape rolled to the ground. Tarzan, his foot upon the neck of his enemy, threw back his head and, beating his mighty breast, screamed out the fierce ape cry of defiance.

The morning after the Dum-Dum, the tribe started slowly back through the forest toward the coast. The body of Tublat lay where it had fallen, for the people of Kerchak do not eat their own dead. The march was but a leisurely search for food. Once old Sabor crossed their path.

This sent them scurrying to the safety of the higher branches. Tarzan sat directly above the lioness—and hurled a pineapple at their ancient enemy. Into his mind a great plan sprung. He had killed the fierce Tublat; now would he track down the crafty Sabor and slay her likewise!

At the bottom of his little English heart beat the great desire to cover his nakedness with clothes. He had learned from his picture books that all MEN were so covered, while APES and every other living thing went naked. So he desired the skin of Sabor, the lioness.

On this day he had other things to attract his attention. Suddenly it became as midnight. Faintly came a low, sad moaning. The great trees bent. Vivid and blinding lightning flashed from the whirling, inky clouds above. Roaring thunder belched forth its fearsome challenge. The deluge came—pandemonium broke loose!

The tribe huddled in shivering fear from the cold rain at the bases of great trees. For hours it raged—ending suddenly. To Tarzan came a dawning light to explain the mystery of clothes. How snug he'd have been beneath Sabor's heavy coat! So was added a further incentive.

Tarzan always kept his grass rope lasso in readiness when journeying through the forest, catching many small animals. At last came she whom he sought—Sabor, the lioness. Nearer and nearer—to where Tarzan of the Apes crouched upon his limb, the coils of his long rope poised ready.

Like a thing of bronze sat Tarzan. Sabor passed beneath. Three strides she took. Then the silent coil shot out and settled about her neck. With a quick jerk, Tarzan snapped the noose tight about the glossy neck. She made a bound and fell upon her neck! Sabor was trapped.

But Sabor had now found that it was only a slender cord that held her, and, grasping it in her huge jaws, she severed it! Tarzan was much hurt. His well-laid plan had come to naught. Sabor paced back and forth beneath the tree for hours, often springing at him.

Tarzan mocked and danced above her, hurling twigs and branches at her unprotected face. At last he tired of the sport. With a parting roar of challenge, and a well-aimed ripe fruit that spread over her face, he swung rapidly through the trees a hundred feet above the ground.

In a short time he was among the members of his tribe. And here he recounted the details of his adventure, with swelling chest and so considerable a swagger that he impressed even his bitterest enemies, while Kala fairly danced for joy and pride at her foster-son's bravery and prowess.

Tarzan of the Apes lived on in his wild jungle existence with little change for several years, growing stronger and wiser. With Tantor the Elephant he made friends. On many moonlit nights Tarzan and Tantor walked together. All else of the jungle were his enemies, except his own tribe.

At eighteen, Tarzan had never seen a human being other than himself. But as he sat one day in a tall tree, trying to solve the mystery of the cabin, the ancient security of his jungle was broken forever. *A strange cavalcade strung in single file over a low hill.*

In advance were fifty black warriors armed with wooden spears, long bows, and poisoned arrows. Then came several hundred women and children followed by more warriors. They were fleeing from the white man's soldiers, having massacred a white officer. They set to work to build a new village. Tarzan wondered.

A month later it was complete, and they had taken up their old life in their new home. Several moons passed before they ventured far from their safety, for many had fallen prey to the jungle animals. But one day Kulonga, son of their old king, wandered far toward the west.

Warily he stepped—his long shield grasped close to his sleek, ebony body. Night found him far from his father's village. He climbed into the fork of a great tree, fashioned a rude platform, and curled himself for sleep. Three miles to the west of him slept the tribe of Kerchak.

Early the next morning, the apes were astir, moving through the jungle in search of food. Tarzan, as was his custom, prosecuted his search in the direction of the cabin. Kala, busily engaged, had moved slowly east, when the faintest shadow of a strange noise brought her to startled attention.

Down the leafy trail she saw the stealthily advancing figure of a strange and fearsome creature. It was Kulonga. Kala moved rapidly back along the trail, seeking rather to avoid than to escape. Close after her came Kulonga. Here was meat! He could kill and feast well! His spear poised for the throw.

The spear sped toward Kala. It but grazed her side! With a cry of rage and pain, the she-ape turned and charged. Instantly the trees crashed beneath her hurrying fellows—swinging rapidly to Kala's scream. Kulonga fitted a poisoned arrow, and drove it straight into the heart of the great anthropoid.

With a horrible scream, Kala plunged forward upon her face before the astonished members of her tribe. Roaring and shrieking, the apes dashed toward Kulonga, who fled down the trail. None had ever seen a man before other than Tarzan, so they wondered what strange creature had invaded their jungle.

Tarzan heard. He knew something was amiss. He found the entire tribe gathered jabbering about the dead body of his foster-mother. His grief and anger were unbounded. He roared out his hideous challenge, beat his breast, and then fell upon the body of Kala, sobbing out his lonely heart.

After the first outburst of grief, Tarzan controlled himself and questioned the tribe concerning the killing of Kala. They told him of a strange hairless black ape with feathers on its head, who launched death from a slender branch—then fled with the fleetness of Bara-the-deer toward the setting sun.

It was enough. Tarzan sped rapidly to intercept the black warrior. He took his knife and rope. He struck the trail and in the mud he found footprints such as his own—but larger. His heart beat fast! Could it be that he was trailing a MAN? One of his own race?

Soon he came upon the black warrior. Tarzan looked with wonder. Horta, the boar, was charging and Kulonga shot a little poisoned arrow. Horta staggered and lay still. Kulonga cut several long pieces from the boar's body, built a fire, and ate as much as he wanted, leaving the rest.

Tarzan was an interested spectator. He decided to follow further this savage creature, killing him at his leisure. When Kulonga departed, Tarzan of the Apes dropped and severed several pieces—but didn't cook them. He knew not the use of fire. So he gobbled down a lot of the raw flesh.

And then Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, wiped his greasy fingers upon his naked thighs and took up the trail of Kulonga. In far-off London another Lord Greystoke—Tarzan's uncle—sent back his chops to the Club's chef because they were underdone, and when *he* finished, dried *his* hands on snowy damask!

All day Tarzan followed Kulonga. Twice more he saw him hurl his arrows of destruction. Tarzan thought much on this wondrous method of slaying. He must look into the matter. That night Kulonga slept in the crotch of a mighty tree, and far above him crouched Tarzan of the Apes.

When Kulonga awoke he found that his bow and arrows had disappeared. The black warrior was panic-stricken. He was defenseless except for a single knife. Now his only hope lay in quickly reaching his village. He took the trail at a rapid trot. Tarzan followed quietly in his wake.

He was almost ready for the kill, but he was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination. Presently he saw it. As Kulonga emerged from the jungle a slender coiled rope sped above him. A quick noose tightened about his neck. Then Tarzan drew the threshing victim up into the sheltering tree.

Tarzan fastened the rope securely to a sharp branch. Then, descending, he plunged his hunting-knife into Kulonga's heart. *Kala was avenged!* He examined the black minutely—never had he seen another human being. He admired the tattooing, the sharp filed teeth. On himself he put the feathered head-dress, copper anklet, belt, and knife.

Tarzan of the Apes was ravenously hungry. Here was meat, which jungle ethics permitted him to eat. His knife was poised to dismember Kulonga. Suddenly a strange doubt stayed his hand. He never before hesitated to eat of his kill, but was not this a man? Did men *eat* men?

Tarzan's instinct overcame his cannibalistic impulse. He lowered Kulonga's body and viewed the savage village, wondering over many features of this new, strange life. A woman directly beneath him stood over a small caldron, dipping arrows into a seething substance. He knew that this was the deadly stuff that killed.

Tarzan wanted some of those little death-dealing slivers. He heard a wild cry from across the clearing, and saw an excited black warrior standing beneath the tree in which he had killed Kulonga, the murderer of his ape-mother, Kala. The fellow was shouting, waving his spear and pointing.

The village was in an uproar instantly. Armed men raced madly toward the excited sentry. Tarzan of the Apes knew they had found the body of his victim. Quickly he dropped into the now deserted village and gathered some arrows. Entering a near-by hut, he saw many weapons *and skulls!*

Tarzan made a pile of the hideous skulls. On the top skull he fastened the head-dress of Kulonga, the chief's dead son. Then he heard a mighty wailing and long, mournful howls. Quickly he disappeared into the foliage above, kicking over the seething caldron, after securing a supply of poisonous arrows.

The natives filed up the street bearing Kulonga's body, taking it to the very hut in which Tarzan wrought his depredations. They came out in wild jabbering confusion. The awesome discoveries filled their hearts with terror. They conjured in their poor brains only the most frightful of superstitious explanations.

It was a well-laden Tarzan who dropped into the midst of Kerchak's tribe. With swelling chest he narrated the glories of his adventures and exhibited the spoils of conquest. Kerchak was jealous of this strange member of his tribe. He sought some excuse to wreak his hatred upon Tarzan.

A month Tarzan practiced with his bow and arrows. During this time he further investigated the cabin, and found the metal box containing his father's diary, some photographs, and a diamond locket. This took his fancy. He placed it about his neck, in imitation of the black men he had visited.

When his arrows were gone, Tarzan renewed the supply, repeating his former pranks while the natives were enjoying a cannibal feast. They were filled with fear at this new manifestation of some unseen, unearthly evil power. Returning homeward, Tarzan encountered Sabor, the lioness, and sent an arrow into her.

Removing the great pelt, he hastened to the tribe, who gathered to see this new proof of his wondrous prowess. Only Kerchak hung back—nursing his hatred and rage. Suddenly something snapped in Kerchak's brain. He sprang biting and killing among the assembly. "Come down, Tarzan," he cried, "come and fight!"

Breathlessly the tribe watched as Kerchak, roaring, charged the relatively puny figure. Tarzan tore loose his knife and drove it into Kerchak—below the heart! They struggled along. Then the great body shuddered, stiffened—sank limply. Kerchak was dead. Thus came the young Lord Greystoke into the KINGSHIP OF THE APES.

The apes were more than content with Tarzan as their new king. Food was more plentiful. He settled all their disputes wisely. Next he moved the tribe inland to a place undefiled by the foot of a human being. But he spent more and more time away from the tribe.

He tired of the kingship and longed for the little cabin and the sun-kissed sea. As he had grown older, he found his interests were different from those of the tribe. He now preferred the peace and solitude of the cabin to his leadership duties among the band of wild apes.

He had still one enemy. Before he renounced his kingship of the apes, Tarzan wished to subdue the ugly Terkoz without recourse to knife or arrows. Terkoz one day offended the tribal laws by beating an old female and defying Tarzan's command to stop. So came they to that well-remembered fight!

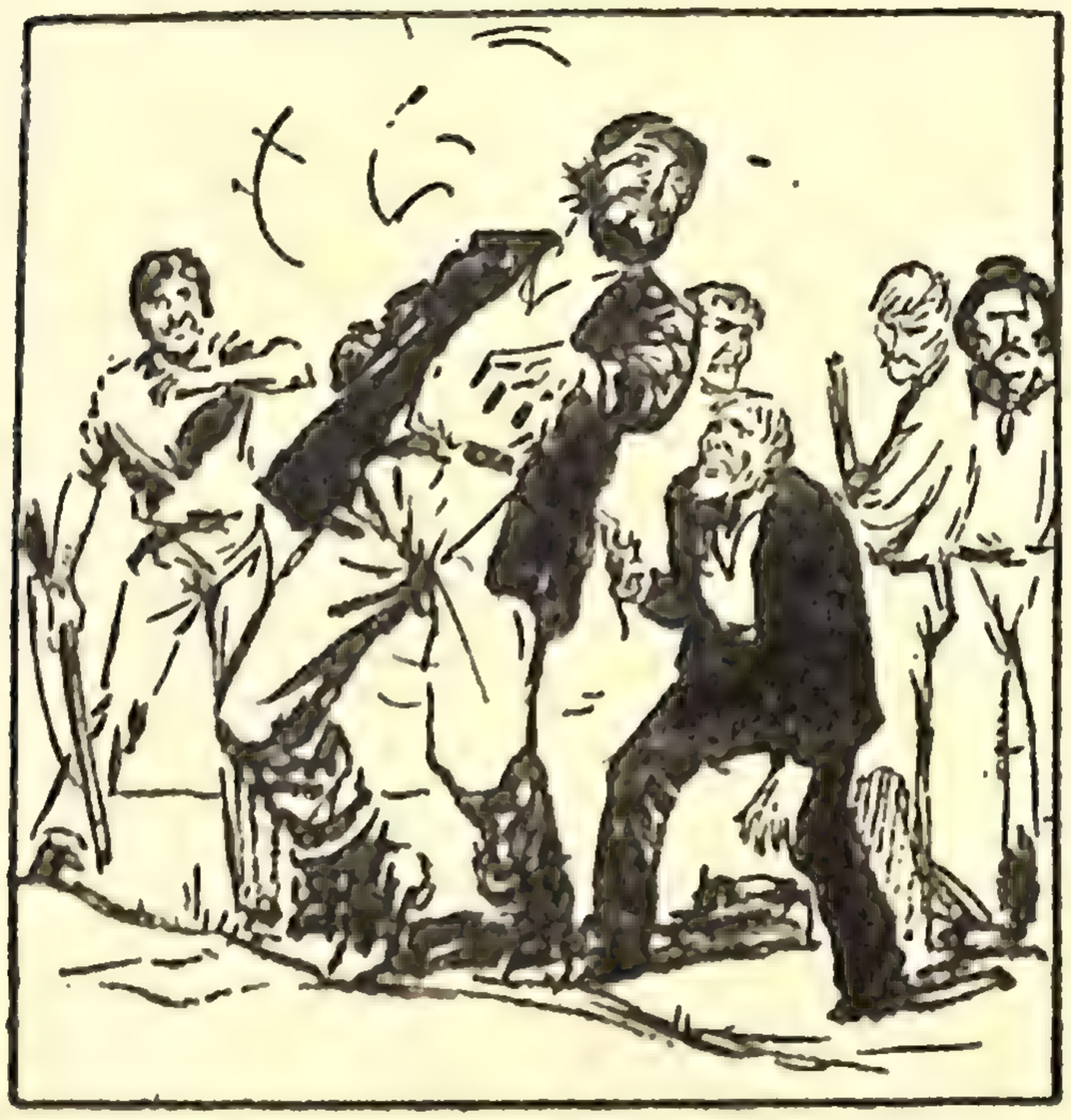
Never had the ape-man fought so terrible a battle since that day when Bolgani, the king gorilla, had so horribly mangled him. But he won, though he did not kill his enemy. This time he spared, after forcing Terkoz to cry: "Ka-goda," meaning, "I surrender!" And all the tribe heard—and marveled.

Tarzan let him up. Before darkness settled he called the old males about him. "Tarzan," he said, "is going back to the lair of his own people. You must choose another ruler. Tarzan will not return." Thus he started toward his goal, the finding of other white men like himself

Many days it was before Tarzan recovered from his victorious battle with Terkoz, the rebellious bull ape. And then, one day, he had another encounter with three of the natives, emerging victor, taking their weapons, ornaments, and wondrous finery. The natives, now thoroughly frightened, believed him some unseen, terrible god.

"Munango-Keewati," they called him, the evil spirit of the jungle, believing that those who looked upon him died. So the king ordered arrows and food to be placed just without the village to appease him. As long as they supplied him with these, they thought, he would not harm them.

Tarzan was returning to the cabin. When he came in sight of the beach, a strange and unusual spectacle met his vision. On the placid waters of the land-locked harbor floated a great ship, and on the beach a small boat was drawn up. And men—like himself—were moving about!



He crept closer, saw ten men talking loudly, gesticulating, shaking their fists. Presently a little man laid his hand upon the shoulder of a giant next him, pointing inland. As the big man turned to look, the mean-faced one shot him in the back, tumbling him forward—dead!

The report of the weapon, the first Tarzan had ever heard, filled him with wonderment. Were such white men his brothers? Presently the men launched the boat, jumped into it and rowed away toward the great ship. Then Tarzan slipped back to the cabin. Everything had been ransacked!

Tarzan saw his books and weapons strewn on the floor; his little store of treasures littered about. A great wave of anger surged through him. Ah—but the men had not found his tin box with its precious contents! . . . *What was that?* . . . His quick ear had caught a faint but unfamiliar sound.

He ran to the window, looking toward the harbor. He saw a boat being lowered from the great ship beside the one already in the water. Soon he saw many people clambering over the ship's sides and dropping into the boats. They were coming back in full force!

He watched bundles and boxes being lowered. As they shoved off, the ape-man snatched up a piece of paper and with a pencil printed several lines of strong well-made characters. This notice he stuck upon the door with a sharp wood splinter. Then gathering his precious box and weapons he disappeared into the forest.

Fifteen villainous-appearing seamen landed from the boats. Blood-thirsty and filthy they looked. The five others comprised two elderly men—evidently scholars—a handsome young man in white ducks, a huge negress, and a very beautiful girl of about nineteen. In silence the party advanced toward the cabin.

The sailors carried the boxes and bales followed by the five of so different a class. Coming to the cabin, they saw with puzzled surprise the new-made sign. Few of the sailors could read. "Hi, perfesser," one shouted, "read the bloomin' notis." The old gentleman addressed, read, and murmured, "Most remarkable!"

A sailor grasped him by the collar and bawled into his ear: "Read it out loud, you blithering idiot!" The professor read: THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN THE KILLER OF BEASTS AND MANY BLACK MEN. DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICH ARE TARZAN'S. TARZAN WATCHES. TARZAN OF THE APES.

The thought uppermost in their minds was: "Who is Tarzan of the Apes?" The rat-faced sailor growled out an insulting oath! The young man's face paled in anger. "You've murdered our officers and robbed us," he said. "Now shut up or I'll break your neck with my bare hands."

He deliberately turned his back upon the sailor and walked away. The sailor's hand crept slyly to his revolver. His eyes glared vengefully. . . . Two keen eyes had watched every move of the party from a near-by tree. Tarzan saw the surprise caused by his notice and now watched the quarrel.

The act of the rat-faced sailor in killing his comrade, the day before, had aroused a strong dislike in Tarzan. He liked the fine-looking young man. But now he naturally expected to see the young man murdered. Spear in hand, his mighty arm was ready to strike.

Then three things happened almost simultaneously. The sailor leveled his weapon at the young man's back, the girl screamed a warning, and a long spear shot like a bolt from above. It passed through the man's right shoulder, and the seaman crumpled up with a scream of pain and terror.

The sailors stood in a frightened group, with drawn revolvers. The wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground. The young man, whose name was Clayton, picked up the fallen revolver. Jane, the girl, ran to him. "Who could it have been?" she whispered. Meanwhile her father and his scholarly companion had wandered into the primeval jungle.

"I daresay Tarzan of the Apes is watching us all right!" Clayton answered. "Go into the cabin while I go in search of your father." He gave Jane his revolver and when he saw the door close safely behind Jane and her servant, Esmeralda, he strode into the dense jungle.

When Jane and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door, the negress's first thought was to barricade the portal from within. She turned to search for some means to do it. With her first look, she gave a shriek of terror, running to her mistress like a frightened child.

Jane saw the cause of her cry! Lying prone upon the floor beside them was the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance revealed the second skeleton upon the bed. And then the tiny skeleton in the cradle! "What horrible place are we in?" murmured the awe-struck girl. Esmeralda trembled.

What might lie before them in this ill-fated cabin? She endeavored to shake off the gloomy forebodings. She bade Esmeralda cease her wailings, and the two of them barred the heavy door. Then they sat down upon a bench, their arms about one another, two thoroughly frightened women, and waited.

Meanwhile, the cowardly crew of the "Arrow" pulled rapidly for the ship. Tarzan watched. The most wonderful sight of all to him was the face of the beautiful white girl. Here at last was one of his own kind. He decided to follow young Clayton and learn his errand.

Presently Tarzan came up with him. Clayton was lost. At intervals he called aloud. Tarzan decided he was searching for the old man. Suddenly Tarzan caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously toward the unsuspecting young man. It was Sheeta, the leopard, crouching for the spring!

And then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the jungle stillness the awful cry of the challenging ape. Sheeta hesitated, then turned, crashing into the underbrush. Clayton's blood ran cold—he felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart. Never had so fearful a sound smote upon his ears.

Clayton could not know that to that very voice he owed his life nor that the creature who hurled it forth *was his own cousin*—the *real* Lord Greystoke. He started stumbling back to where he thought the cabin lay. Darkness was quickly setting in. Heavens!—to die here alone!

Presently he heard a faint sound. Then he saw it! The lithe body of a huge lion. Agonized he watched—powerless to fly. Came a noise above him, an arrow hit the beast, who sprang in pain and terror. Then a naked giant dropped from the tree above —squarely on the brute's back!

The scene Clayton witnessed there in the twilight depths of the African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's brain. The giant man before him encircled the lion with his powerful right arm while with his left hand he plunged a knife time and again into the beast's unprotected side.

It was all accomplished quickly. The lion sank lifeless. Then the strange figure that had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass, and throwing back the wild and handsome head, gave out the fearsome cry that a few minutes earlier had so startled Clayton. Then he gathered up his weapons.

Clayton spoke to the stranger in English, thanking him. The only answer was a steady stare and a shrug of the mighty shoulders. Tarzan drew his knife, deftly carving a dozen strips from the lion's carcass. Then squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat his strange host was so apparently relishing. Again he essayed speech with the ape-man, who replied in a strange tongue, like monkeys chattering. Then he arose, motioning Clayton to follow him. Bewildered and confused, Clayton hesitated to do so.

The ape-man, seeing Clayton disinclined to follow, grasped him by the coat, dragging him along for a while. The Englishman concluded he was a prisoner. Thus they traveled into the impenetrable forest amid wild calls of savage life and falling night. Suddenly there came a faint report —a single shot—then silence.

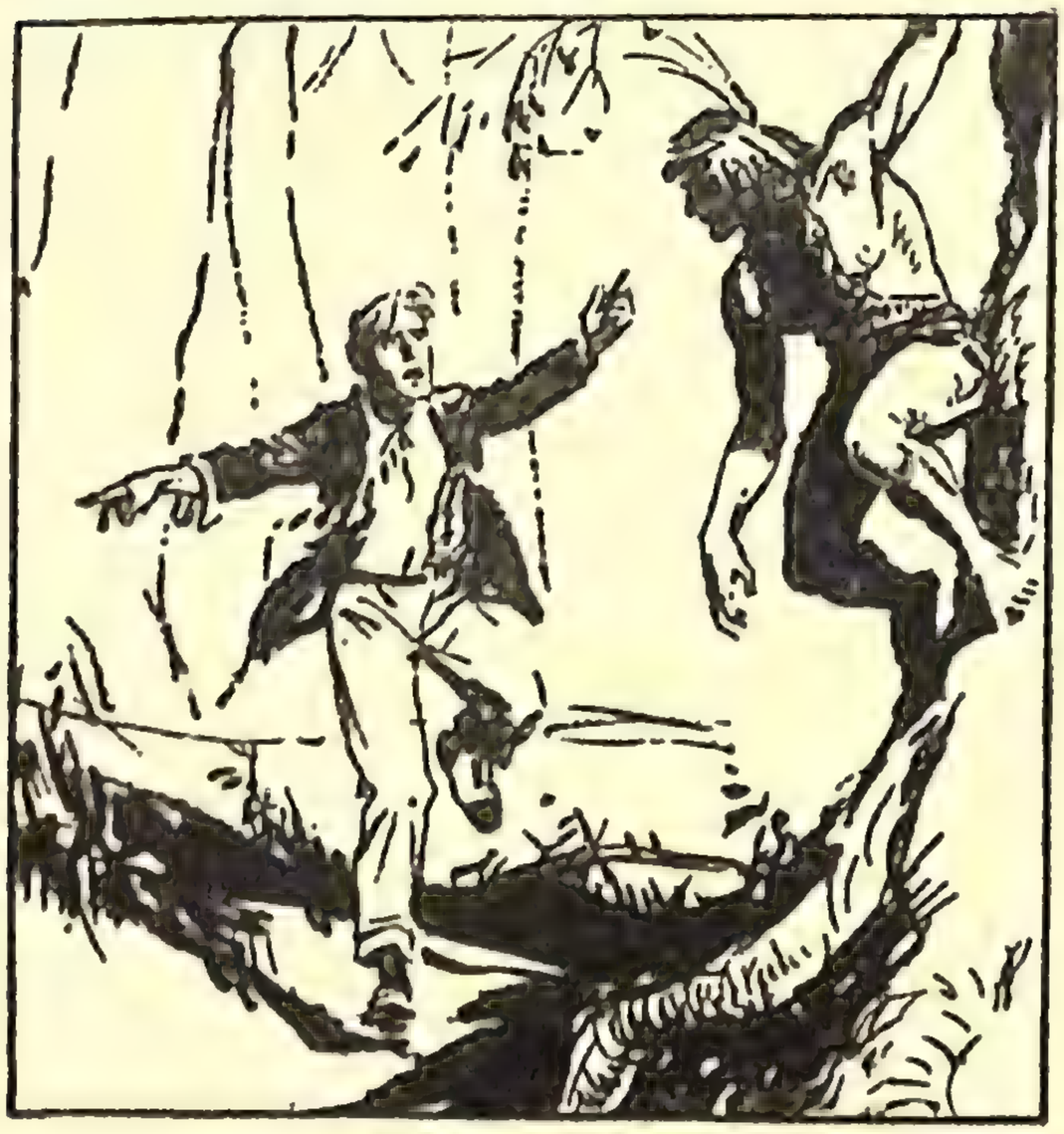
In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women crouched. The negress sobbed hysterically. The white girl, dry-eyed, was torn by fears and forebodings. They heard the almost incessant roars from the savage jungle. And now there came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the cabin's side!

Silence—then she distinctly heard an animal outside, sniffing at the door. They shuddered instinctively. A gentle scratching—the beast was trying to force an entrance. Now, silhouetted against the moonlit sky beyond, Jane saw the head of a huge lioness, its gleaming eyes fastened upon her in intent ferocity.

For twenty minutes the huge brute alternately sniffed and tore at the door. Then she launched her great weight against the timeworn window lattice. They saw a portion of it give way. Esmeralda fainted. The horrified prisoner within behold one great paw . . . then its head thrust within the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders spread the bars apart. . . . The girl rose as in a trance, seeking with ever increasing terror some loophole of escape. . . . Suddenly her hand, tight pressed against her bosom, felt the outline of Clayton's revolver. Quickly she leveled it . . . and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of flame, a roar of pain. This was the shot heard by Tarzan and Clayton. Then Jane, too, fainted. But Sabor was not killed. She saw her prey resistless. Slowly she forced her great bulk through the opening. On this sight Jane again opened her eyes!



When Clayton heard the shot, he became agonized with fear and apprehension. He knew Jane was threatened with some danger. Tarzan heard also and quickened his pace. Soon Clayton was left hopelessly behind. He called aloud to the ape-man. Tarzan dropped lightly to his side from the branches above.

Stooping down before Clayton, Tarzan motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and with the white man upon his back, took to the trees. The next few minutes were such as the Englishman never forgot. High into swaying branches he was borne with what seemed to him incredible swiftness.

From one lofty branch the agile creature swung with Clayton through a dizzy arc to a neighboring tree; then for a hundred yards maybe, the sure feet threaded a maze of interwoven limbs, balancing like a tight-rope-walker high above the black depths. How Clayton admired those giant muscles!

Clayton fairly caught his breath at the sight of the horrid depths below them. Yet, with all his seeming speed, Tarzan was actually feeling his way with comparative slowness, searching constantly for limbs of adequate strength to hold this double weight. Presently they came to the clearing before the beach.

Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of the lioness's efforts to force the cabin. They dropped a hundred feet—landing with scarcely a jar. The ape-man darted ahead, just in time to see the huge lioness's tawny body slowly disappearing through the window of the cabin!

Within the cabin Jane saw the lioness almost through the window. She reached for the fallen revolver. Raised it. Then she saw Emeralda, inert but alive. She could not leave her. She must use one cartridge on the senseless woman before she turned the cold muzzle toward herself again.

Quickly Jane ran to the side of Esmeralda. She pressed the muzzle of the revolver tight against that devoted heart, closed her eyes, and—Sabor, the lioness, emitted a frightful shriek. The girl, startled, recoiled and turned to face the brute, again raising the weapon against her own temple.

She didn't fire again. Surprised, she saw the huge animal being drawn slowly back through the window and in the moonlight the heads of two men. Tarzan had seized the long tail in both his hands, braced himself, and thrown all his mighty strength into the effort to draw the beast back.

Slowly the lioness was emerging from the window. Tarzan, suddenly releasing his hold upon her, sprang full upon her back. Tighter his strong young arms forced her head lower and lower. The immense muscles of Tarzan's shoulders and biceps leaped into corded knots—a super-human effort—and Sabor's vertebrae snapped!

Instantly Tarzan was on his feet. For the second time Clayton heard Tarzan give the bull-ape's savage roar of victory. He ran toward Jane's agonized cry. Calming her fears, they came out to the dead body of the lioness, to thank their rescuer. But Tarzan of the apes was gone.

Tarzan went in search of Jane's father. Finally he found the old man, and the professor, brought them safely to the cabin, and again vanished into the jungle. Esmeralda "came to" at the lioness's last shriek. The reunited party of castaways related their experiences and talked long of the mysterious ape-man.

When it grew light, they ate of their scanty store of food. They decided to bury the skeletons. The professor discovered they were those of white people. On the man's finger he found a massive ring. Clayton gave a cry of astonishment! . . . It bore the crest of the house of Greystoke.

And then Jane in a book saw the single name: Greystoke. Thus they identified the skeletons and with deep reverence buried them. The professor had noted that the infant's bones were not a human's. He murmured "Most remarkable," but said nothing. From the trees Tarzan of the Apes watched the solemn ceremony.

Most of all he watched the sweet face and graceful figure of Jane. He knew that she was created to be protected and that he was created to protect her. Esmeralda chanced to glance toward the harbor. She cried out, pointing to the "Arrow" slowly sailing seaward!

Now they knew they were deserted—marooned by merciless sailors on this jungle shore. Tarzan saw their consternation; also the departure of the ship. He swung through the trees to see closely this strange floating house. Presently his keen eyes saw the faintest suspicion of smoke on the horizon.

The sailors also saw that smoke. The ship came about and headed for land. There was a great scurrying about on deck. A boat was lowered; in it a great chest was placed. Men bent to the oars; pulled rapidly to the very point where Tarzan crouched, hidden in a tree.

Beaching the boat, the men lifted out the great chest. They argued angrily—they quarreled, and a sailor buried his pick in the brain of the rat-faced man. Digging a deep trench, they buried the treasure with the corpse, obliterating all signs. Then they pulled rapidly back to the "Arrow."

The smoke on the horizon increased, and the sailors lost no time in getting under full sail. Tarzan, an interested spectator, sat speculating on the strange actions. He wondered what the chest contained. Dropping to the ground he found a spade and began digging until he uncovered the body.

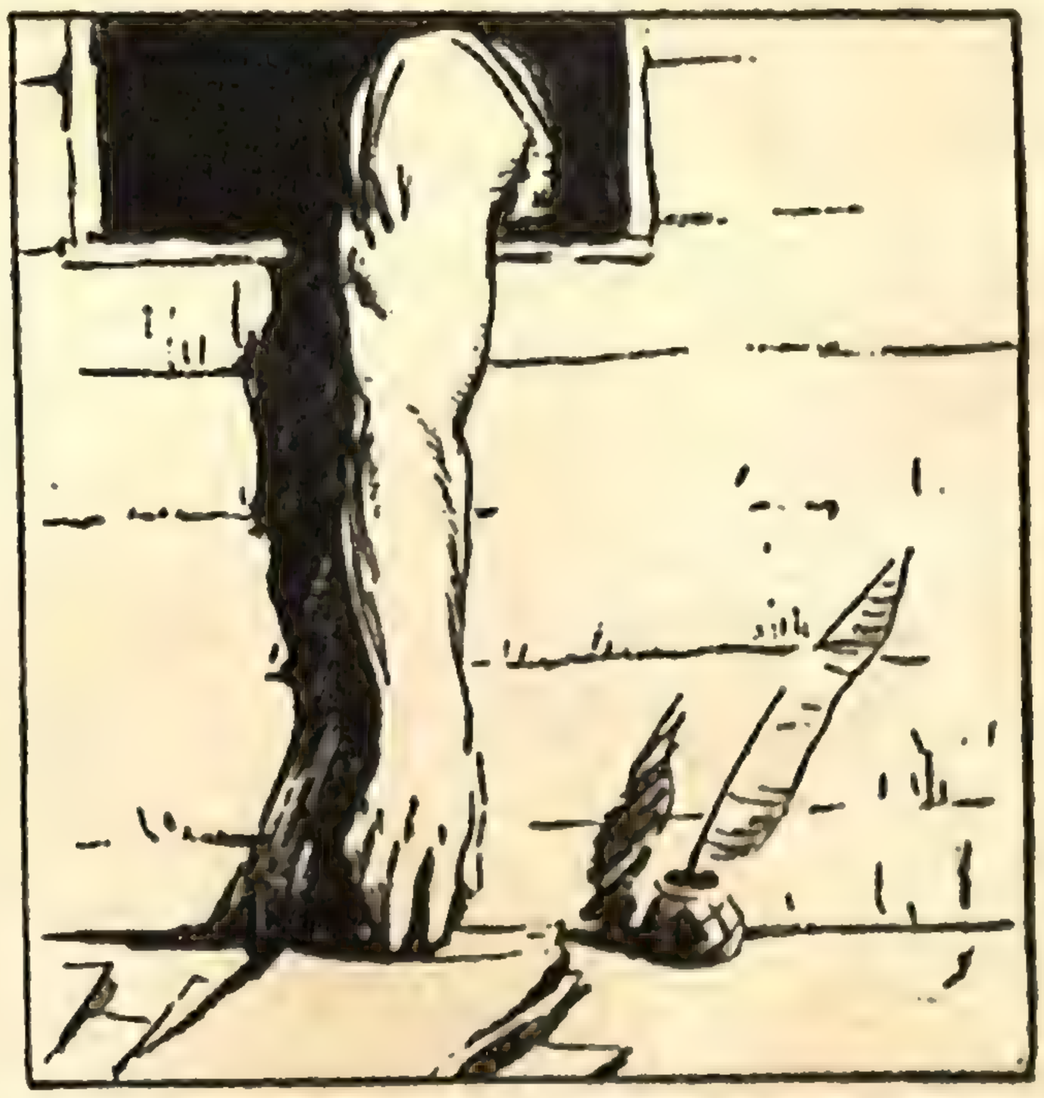
He dragged it from the grave, then unearthed the chest, replacing the body and the earth. Four sailors had sweated beneath the burden of that chest. Tarzan of the Apes picked it up easily and carried it into the densest part of the jungle. He traveled for several hours.

His brain told him the chest contained valuables. He desired to open it, but the iron lock and bands baffled even his strength. So he buried it. Darkness settled before he was back in the cabin's vicinity. Astonished, he saw the interior of the cabin appear as bright as day.

Within the cabin, lights were burning. Clayton had found an unopened tin of oil and lamps, still usable. Tarzan peered within. He saw his cabin divided into two rooms, partitioned by boughs and sailcloth. The men were reading and talking. He sought the other window. There was the girl.

How beautiful her features—how delicate her snowy skin! She was writing at Tarzan's own table. Upon a pile of grasses lay the negress asleep. For an hour Tarzan feasted his eyes upon her as she wrote. How he longed to speak to her. At length she arose, leaving her manuscript.

She went to the bed, loosened her soft mass of golden hair. Below her waist it tumbled. Tarzan was spellbound! Then she extinguished the lamp and all within was darkness. Still Tarzan watched. Creeping close he waited, listening. At last she was asleep. Cautiously he intruded his arm within the cabin.



Carefully he felt upon the desk. At last he grasped the manuscript Jane had been writing. Cautiously he withdrew it. Tarzan folded the precious sheets into a small parcel, tucking them into his arrow quiver. Then he melted away into the jungle as softly and as noiselessly as a shadow.

Tarzan awoke early. His first thought was of that writing, hidden in his quiver. How he hoped he could read what the beautiful girl had written. Tarzan suffered a bitter disappointment, baffled by the strange writing. Long he pored over it. Finally he recognized the letters. His heart leaped for joy.

Slowly Tarzan deciphered Jane's letter. It was to a friend in America. In it she narrated their strange experiences. How her father had come into possession of an old Spanish manuscript telling of buried treasure; how they had finally found it; how it had brought misfortune to them, and of Tarzan.

Tarzan sat long in a brown study after reading the letter. He couldn't understand much of the new and wonderful things it told of. He wrote beneath Jane's signature "I am Tarzan of the Apes." Next morning she found her missing letter in the exact spot from which it had disappeared.

A cold, clammy chill ran up her spine as she saw the printed words. But as days passed without mishap, her fears calmed. Unseen by them, Tarzan left offerings of food at the cabin. He told himself that one day he would venture into the camp and talk with them.

A month passed before Tarzan visited the camp by daylight. He found all gone. His golden-haired divinity had vanished! So he printed a message for her. . . . "I WANT YOU. . . . I AM YOURS. . . . KNOW THAT TRAZAN OF THE APES LOVES YOU." Suddenly his keen ears heard a familiar sound.

It was the passing of a great ape through the forest. For an instant he listened intently. Then from the jungle came the agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan of the Apes, dropping his first love letter upon the ground, shot like a panther into the forest.

After Tarzan left the tribe of apes, it was torn by continual strife and confusion. Terkoz, now their king, proved a cruel and capricious leader. In desperation the apes decided to turn him out. So one day as he returned to the tribe, five huge, hairy beasts sprang upon him.

At heart Terkoz was a coward. So he did not remain to fight and die. Tearing himself away, he fled, foaming with rage and hatred, into the jungle. Several days he wandered aimlessly. Swinging from tree to tree, this horrible, man-like beast came suddenly upon the two women.

He was right above when Jane saw him, his awful face thrust within a foot of her. One piercing scream escaped her ere the brute had clutched her arm. Then another mood seized him. He leaped into the trees, bearing Jane to a fate a thousand times worse than death.

Jane did not once lose consciousness as she was borne farther into the impenetrable jungle. The scream that brought Clayton stumbling through the underbrush had led Tarzan of the Apes straight to where lay the fainting Esmeralda. His ape training told him plainly the whole story. He instantly gave chase.

On he sped in the track of Terkoz and his prey. Terkoz heard and was spurred to greater effort. Three miles were covered before Tarzan overtook them. Seeing flight was futile, Terkoz dropped groundward. Tarzan bounded like a leopard into the open glade. Terkoz turned to fight for his prize.

Like two charging bulls they came together, and like two wolves they sought each other's throat. Jane, her lithe young figure flattened against a tree trunk, hands pressed tight against her bosom, and eyes wide with mingled horror, fascination, fear, and admiration, watched ape and apeman battle for possession of her.

The great muscles of Tarzan's back and shoulders knotted beneath the tension of his efforts. His huge biceps and forearm held at bay those mighty tusks. The long knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz's life blood. Then the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground.

The veil of centuries of civilization and culture was swept from Jane! It was a primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms toward the primeval man who had fought for her and won her. . . . And Tarzan took his woman in his arms and smothered her upturned, panting lips with kisses.

Suddenly her face suffused with scarlet blushes. She thrust Tarzan of the Apes from her and buried her face in her hands. He came close again and took hold of her. She turned like a tigress, striking his great breast with her tiny hands. Tarzan could not understand it.

A moment before Tarzan had intended to hasten Jane back to her people. That moment was lost. He had felt a warm, lithe form pressed close to his. Again he sought her . . . . again she repulsed him. *Then Tarzan took his woman in his arms and carried her into the jungle.*

Early the following morning, the men in the cabin were awakened by the booming of a cannon. Clayton rushed out and saw two vessels lying in the harbor. One was the "Arrow"—the other a small French cruiser. Quickly he ran to light the pile of wood he kept in readiness.

Before the flames arose. Clayton saw in consternation the cruiser steaming away. Stripping off his shirt, he waved it back and forth above him. Now the great column of smoke rose high, attracting the attention of the ship's lookout. The cruiser steamed slowly back toward shore. A boat was lowered.

As it beached, a young officer stepped out. Quickly Clayton told their story, ending with Jane's abduction. Lieutenant d'Arnot then narrated the capture of the "Arrow"; how it had drifted in heavy seas many days, without water or food until all but two of the mutineers were dead.

The sight that met the Frenchman's eyes as they clambered over the ship's side was appalling! Dead and dying rolled upon the pitching deck. Two of the corpses appeared partially devoured. Hunger had changed the mutineers to wild beasts. The sole survivor told the whole ghastly tale to the French commander.

The cruiser then sought the little camp. By the time the two parties had narrated their several adventures, the cruiser's boat returned with supplies and arms. With twenty sailors, they set off upon that hopeless and ill-fated quest into the untracked jungle to find the stolen girl.

Jane realized she was being borne away a captive. She struggled desperately. But Tarzan's strong arms held her more tightly. Once he looked down into her eyes and smiled. The face above her was of extraordinary beauty. Presently he took to the trees. On and on they went for many miles.

Now they had come to their destination. In his strong arms Tarzan placed her softly upon the green turf. She noted his magnificent figure towering above her, its perfect symmetry, the poise of his fine head upon his broad shoulders. Surely his purpose could not be base or cruel.

With a bound Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared. Had he left her there to her fate in the lonely jungle? . . . She heard a sudden, slight sound! . . . There stood Tarzan, his arms filled with luscious, ripe fruit. He stroked her hair and tried to comfort and quiet her.

The last few hours had taught her to trust this strange, wild creature. It commenced to dawn upon her that she had, possibly, learned something she had never really known before—LOVE. She wondered—and then she smiled. . . . And still smiling, she pushed Tarzan gently away, pointing to the food.

Together, in silence they ate. He made a little bower of boughs and grasses. Then he did the only thing he knew to assure Jane of her safety. He handed her his knife—motioning her to sleep. She entered, while Tarzan stretched himself upon the ground across the entrance.

The rising sun found them still separated. A great wonderment rose in Jane's heart. Though she had been in such terrible danger, yet she was unharmed. She moved to the entrance and Tarzan's lithe form dropped lightly from a near-by tree, his face lighted with a smile.

Jane's heart beat faster. She could not understand it. They finished breakfast. The magnificent diamond locket hanging about Tarzan's neck was a source of much wonderment to Jane. She pointed to it and Tarzan removed and handed it to her. Opening it, she beheld the likeness of Lord and Lady Greystoke.

She concluded this wild creature had simply found the locket in the cabin. But she could not account for the strange likeness between Lord Greystoke and this forest god. Tarzan placed the locket about her neck. Protesting, she would have removed it, but he held her hands tightly.

Motioning her to follow him, Tarzan walked toward the trees. Taking her in one strong arm, he swung to the branches above. The ardor of his first fierce passion had cooled. He knew *why* the ape had not killed Jane. But *he* must not be guided by the laws of beasts.

It was nearly sunset when they came to the clearing. Tarzan parted the tall jungle grass. There stood the cabin. He turned to leave her. Then she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, unashamed. "I love you," she murmured. "I shall wait for you—always." He was gone.

The little expedition searching for Jane pushed their way slowly through the tangled jungle. Lieutenant d'Arnot was in the lead, a hundred yards in advance. Suddenly six black warriors arose about him. He gave a warning shout, but before he could draw his revolver he was dragged into the jungle.

Alarmed, the sailors came running to the scene. A volley of arrows fell among them. They answered with their rifles, shooting toward their concealed enemies. After a terrific hand-to-hand fight, leaving many dead on both sides, the natives fled, taking Lieutenant d'Arnot with them to their village.

Arriving there at dusk, a great throng rushed out to meet them. Then began for the French officer the most terrifying experience that man can encounter—the reception of a white prisoner into a village of African cannibals. They fell upon him, beating him with merciless blows, tearing his clothes away.

D'Arnot was bound securely to a great post. The women fetched pots and water; others built a row of fires. He watched them, half-fainting with pain, but not once did he cry out. The dance of death commenced to circle around the doomed officer, moving nearer and nearer.

He saw the bestial faces, daubed with color, the shining, naked bodies, the cruel spears. Another spear, then another, touched him. He felt the hot trickling blood. . . . He set his teeth . . . he would show these beasts how an officer and a gentlman died. . . . Suddenly they halted . . . as though turned to stone.

Tarzan of the Apes needed no interpreter to translate the story of those distant shots. With incredible rapidity he was swinging through the trees straight toward the savages' village. White men, men of his own race, might even now be suffering the agonies of torture. On he sped.

Presently he caught the reflection of a distant blaze. Ah—he was not quite too late! The death blow had not been struck. From the nearest tree Tarzan coiled his rope. Then there arose suddenly above the fiendish cries of the dancing demons, the awful challenge of the ape-man.

The rope sped with singing whir above the blacks' heads. A huge fellow lunged backward; struggling and shrieking, his body moved toward the trees. Then straight into the air, disappearing into the foliage. The blacks, screaming with fright, raced madly for the village gate. D'Arnot was left alone!

Now from the trees came a crash and the black came sprawling to earth again, to lie quietly where he had fallen. Immediately after came a white body, alighting erect. D'Arnot saw a clean-limbed young giant emerge and come quickly to him. . . . Some new creature of torture. doubtless.

Without a word Tarzan of the Apes cut the bonds that held the Frenchman. Weak from suffering and loss of blood, he would have fallen but for the strong arm that caught him. He felt himself lifted from the ground. There was a sensation as of flying. Then he lost consciousness.

When d'Arnot regained consciousness, he found himself lying in a little shelter of boughs. Soon he recalled the whole hideous scene at the stake; the strange white figure carrying him away. What fate lay in store for him now? . . . Outside the hut he saw the squatting figure of a man.

He called faintly. The man crawled in. D'Arnot spoke to him in French, then English, but he shook his handsome head. After examining d'Arnot's wounds he disappeared, coming back with fruit, water, pieces of smooth bark, and a pencil. Squatting beside d'Arnot, he wrote, handing the message to the Frenchman.

D'Arnot read with astonishment: I am Tarzan of the Apes. Who are you? So d'Arnot wrote in English, about himself. Thus conversing, he learned the story of the fight and found Jane was safe. Then for three days he was in a delirium. Tarzan feared to leave him long.

Days after, d'Arnot, very weak, but recovering, sat conversing with Tarzan by means of the smooth bark. He wrote: What can I do to repay you? Tarzan replied: Teach me to speak the language of men. Slowly he taught him to speak in French. Tarzan was a very eager student.

Soon Tarzan asked d'Arnot if he felt strong enough to be carried back to the cabin. Both were anxious to go, longing to see Jane again. D'Arnot wrote: You cannot carry me all that distance. "That's easy," Tarzan laughed. So they set out. Mid-afternoon, they arrived. *The cabin was deserted.*

The men turned and looked at one another. D'Arnot knew that his people thought him dead, but Tarzan thought only of the woman who had kissed him in love, then fled. A great bitterness rose in his heart. He would go far into the jungle and rejoin his tribe.

As Tarzan stood on the threshold brooding, d'Arnot entered the cabin. He found many comforts left behind. There were two notes addressed to Tarzan of the Apes. One, in a woman's hand, was sealed. Turning toward the door, he found Tarzan gone. He called aloud, but there was no response.

To be left alone in the jungle, a prey to solitude and hopelessness! Brave man that he was, d'Arnot was frightened. He closed the cabin door. . . . Far to the east Tarzan was speeding back to his tribe. . . . But he couldn't escape his thought. He should not have deserted one of his own people.

D'Arnot read the unsealed letter to Tarzan. It told how the rescuing party had been forced to give up in despair. Also of the gifts they were leaving for him, of their eternal gratitude for his protection and service and ended: "We sail in an hour—never to return."

D'Arnot threw himself face downward on the cot. . . . An hour later he started up, listening. Someone at the door . . . trying to enter. . . . Dusk was falling. His hair rose on his scalp. . . . He reached for the loaded rifle. . . . Gently the door opened. . . . Something stood just without. . . . And then d'Arnot pulled the trigger.

With the gun's report, d'Arnot saw a man pitch headlong into the cabin. In an instant he realized he had shot his friend and protector, Tarzan of the Apes. With a cry of anguish, d'Arnot sprang to the ape-man's side, lifted his head, calling Tarzan's name aloud. There was no response.

Placing his ear above the man's heart, he heard to his joy its steady beating. D'Arnot, relieved, set about bathing Tarzan's face. He saw there was an ugly flesh wound. Soon the cool water revived him, and d'Arnot explained the terrible mistake. Laughing, Tarzan said: "It is nothing. Forget it."

For a week they did little but rest. Now they could converse quite easily in French. Tarzan, heart-broken, read Jane's farewell letter. Where was this America to which she had sailed? It took a long time for him to understand, even imperfectly, d'Arnot's explanations. He resolved to follow and find her.

So on the following morning they started north along the shore, carrying rifles, ammunition, and food. For a month they traveled, with no signs of natives, nor were they molested by wild beasts. One morning they came to a clearing. In the distance were several buildings surrounded by a strong stockade.

Tarzan, followed by d'Arnot, struck across the field, his head held high, the tropical sun beating on his smooth brown skin. It proved to be a French mission. They were welcomed, remaining until black women made them clothes to continue their jounrey. Thus came Tarzan of the Apes to the first outpost of civilization.

During the long trek up the coast, Tarzan had spoken freely of himself to d'Arnot. and asked many questions of the world toward which they were heading. D'Arnot taught him many of civilization's refinements. Tarzan told about the great chest he had seen the sailors bury; how he had hidden it.

Once d'Arnot questioned him about his parents, and Tarzan told him of Kala, his mother, the great fine ape. D'Arnot looked long and earnestly at him. "Tarzan, it is impossible that Kala the ape was your mother. You are pure man. Have you no clue to your past?"

Tarzan replied: "I have read everything that was in the cabin with the exception of one book. Possibly you can read it." He fished the little black book from the bottom of his quiver. And d'Arnot read aloud the diary of the unfortunate Lord Greystoke, written in French.

It ended just as Lord Greystoke was struck down by Kerchak, the king ape. . . . *"Today our little son is six months old. He is sitting beside me. Now he has grabbed my pen, and with his ink-begrimed fingers placed the seal of his tiny finger-prints upon this page. . . . "*

And there in the margin were the partially blurred imprints of four wee fingers. . . . Finishing the diary, d'Arnot sat in silence. In his mind had sprung the determination to prove a theory. He believed he had discovered the key that alone could unlock the mystery of Tarzan of the Apes.

Another month and they reached a little river port. Here d'Arnot cabled his government for a three months' leave and his banker for funds. During their wait the handsome "Monsieur Tarzan" became the wonder of both blacks and whites. . . . A huge native had run amuck and terrorized the town.

On the hotel veranda the black spied Tarzan. With a roar he charged the apeman. Tarzan met the rush; his steel muscles gripped the black wrist of the uplifted knife hand, a single wrench left the hand dangling below a broken bone. Crying with agony, the fellow ran away. Tarzan resumed reading.

Again, Tarzan accepted a challenge. He was to kill a lion single-handed. Naked he went into the jungle armed only with knife and rope. With his wild-days methods, at last he got the beast. Shouting the awesome victory cry, he shouldered the carcass, returned to the amazed group, and claimed the reward.

Often Tarzan longed for the freedom of the jungle. But loyalty to d'Arnot, the vision of a beautiful face, and the memory of warm kisses lured him onward. At length d'Arnot succeeded in chartering a small boat, and they set sail down the coast to dig for the buried treasure.

Arriving, Tarzan, garbed once more in his jungle regalia, set out alone for the ape's haunts where lay the treasure. Next day he returned bearing the great chest. Three weeks later they boarded a French steamer. D'Arnot was taking Tarzan to Paris, nor would he divulge the reason for their journey.

One of the first things d'Arnot did upon their arrival in Paris was to arrange to visit a high official of the police department, an old friend. He took Tarzan with him. Here was explained to them the fascinating science of identifying criminals by finger-prints. Tarzan was intensely interested.

Tarzan requested that his own finger-prints be taken. This done, d'Arnot drew forth a little book, turning to a page where were several tiny smudges. Surprised, Tarzan watched, recalling how he had given the diary to his friend. Now he realized the meaning of their visit to the police bureau!

The answer to his life's riddle lay in those tiny marks! With tense nerves Tarzan leaned forward. Was he a pure-blooded white man, the son of Lord Greystoke? Or only a half-savage ape-man? . . . Much depended upon the absolute correctness of the comparisons. Several days' delay was necessary.

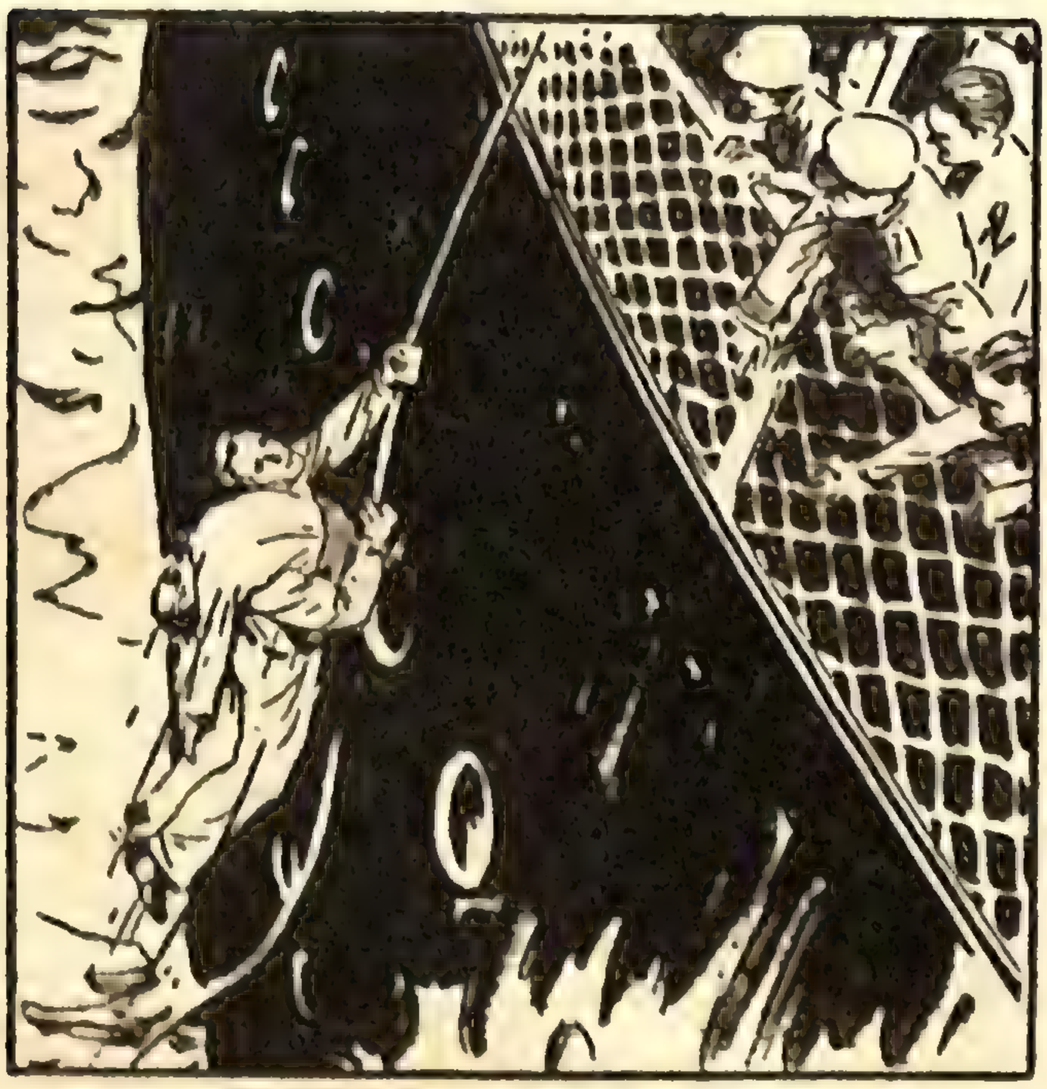
And now Tarzan was able at last to see the treasure. When the great oak, iron-bound chest was forced open, it was found to contain gold coin—"doubloons" and "pieces of eight" from pirates' raids along the Spanish Main. Tarzan desired to take it intact to America with him.

What crime, suffering, and sorrow the thing had caused in its bloody history! So d'Arnot advised disposing of it forever. When the gold was appraised, it brought more than two hundred thousand dollars. And now Tarzan was doubly anxious to start upon his way to find Jane in America.

D'Arnot, the only son of an aristocratic French family of wealth, was unable to express his gratitude to Tarzan sufficiently. Never could he forget those terrible times among the cannibals when Tarzan had saved him from being eaten alive. Now he was heart-broken at the thought of parting.

Tarzan wished to work his way across the Atlantic. D'Arnot would not consent. He had deposited money to Tarzan's credit and had given him a fine French motor car. Making him promise to return to Paris, d'Arnot reluctantly bid him adieu and wished him "Bon voyage" as Tarzan boarded the great liner.

The handsome "Monsieur Tarzan" was a great favorite during the voyage. One morning as he watched the dancing spray, he heard a cry "Man overboard," and saw a youth slip to the dark waters below. Quick as a flash, Tarzan dived after, clasping him almost before the waters closed over them.



Tarzan became the idol of the ship. It happened that the rescued boy's grateful parents knew Jane's father. And so Tarzan easily found his way. The day after docking, a big black car stopped at the modest home and a black-haired giant leaped happily up the porch.

Our old friend Esmeralda opened the door. "If 'tain't the ape-man," she cried, and as usual was about to faint, but excitement prevented her. He learned that "Miss Jane had gone up north to be married." It needed no further incentive to speed Tarzan over the miles toward Clayton's camp.

The lovely Jane had never forgotten her strange experience in the African jungle. Nor her handsome forest-god. But many troubles beset her. Their depleted fortunes, her father's health, the ardent wooing of young Clayton, now an avowed suitor, all worried her. Still loving Tarzan, Jane never expected to see him again.

For her father's sake she had accepted Clayton's invitation to visit his hunting-camp. She admired this rich, titled Englishman—but Love was another matter. She must decide. . . . To-day she had wandered far into the woods, absorbed in her thoughts. Suddenly to the east she was aware of approaching smoke.

For a week a forest fire had raged near them, but no danger threatened. Now she perceived the rushing flames were swiftly forcing their way between herself and the cottage. She gave herself up for lost. . . . Suddenly she heard a shout . . . her name called in a strong, clear voice . . . a strange one.

She answered . . . saw a figure swing through the smoke. Suddenly she felt a great arm about her . . . felt herself lifted and borne aloft. Jane thought she was living over in a dream the experiences of the far African jungle. Would it *were* he of that other day again saving her! But that was impossible.

Yet who else in all the world was there with the strength and agility to do what this man was now doing? She stole a sudden glance at the face close to hers and then she gave a little frightened gasp. It was he . . . her man. . . . TARZAN OF THE APES.

"My Man." Jane must have spoken aloud. The eyes above her lightened with a smile. "Yes, 'tis I, Tarzan, come out of the jungle to claim you—the woman who run away from me," he added fiercely. They had come to a point beyond the fire. The wind had changed.

The fire was burning back upon itself. . . . He led her to his car. . . . Swiftly, silently, they drove campward. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Tarzan—oh *why* did you come back?" "Because I love you," he replied happily. "You are mine." . . . Jane buried her face in her hands and sobbed, bitterly.

Tarzan was eagerly welcomed when they all assembled at the camp. Overwhelming him with gratitude, they voiced their surprise and pleasure at seeing their jungle friend again. Long into the night they talked, asking questions of Tarzan and reliving those days beside the African wild, and what there befell them.

Then the conversation turned to the ill-fated pirates' chest. Tarzan, turning to Jane's father, said: "Your treasure has been found, sir!" Then he related its history since they had seen it last. Great was their amazement, and greater when Tarzan produced the letter of credit and gave it to Jane.

Tarzan, saying good night, asked the Professor to recall the burial from the African cabin. "Were all *three* human skeletons?" Jane's father eyed him narrowly. "No," he replied. "The smallest one—that found in the crib—was the skeleton of an anthropoid ape!" "Thank you," said Tarzan quietly. *Dawn was breaking.*

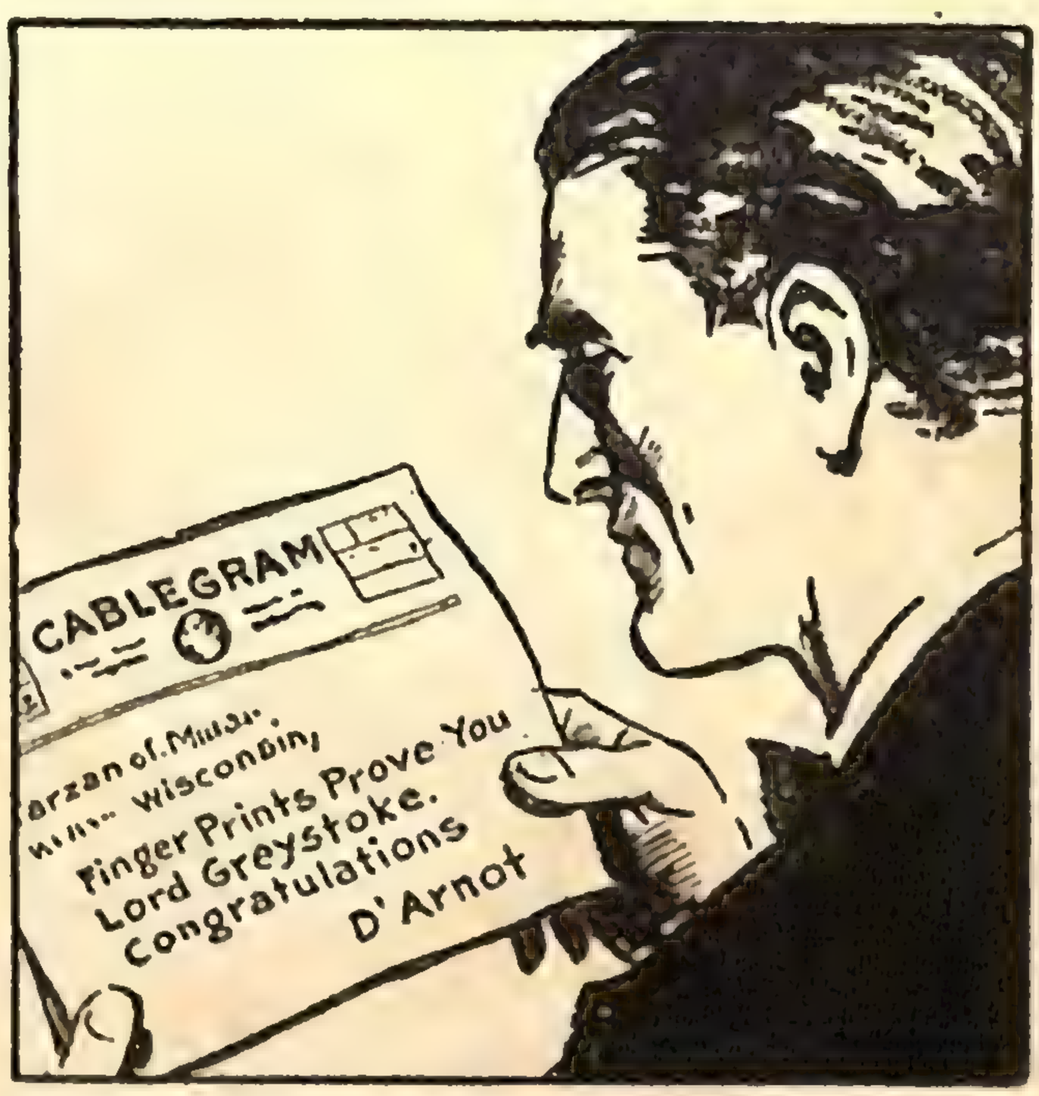
All the following day Jane thought fast and furiously. She had felt the purpose for which Tarzan had asked a few words with her. She knew she must be prepared to give him her answer. What was it to be? *Did* she love him? . . . She did not know *now*.

She realized the spell that had been upon her in the depths of the far-off jungle. Here there was no spell of enchantment. Nor did this immaculate young Frenchman appeal to the primal woman in her as had the stalwart forest-god. Why, he had not even a name!

She thought of Clayton. Here was a man of social position, culture, and wealth. She knew his was the sort of love a civilized woman should crave. Clayton sought her in the garden. "Won't you say Yes, Jane?" he pleaded. "I will devote my life to making you happy." What could she say?

That evening Tarzan caught Jane alone. For the first time she realized the depths of his love. "You do not love me then?" Tarzan asked quietly. She was miserably silent. . . . "You will be happier without me," came her faint reply. "Civilization will bore you. Soon you will long for freedom."

"I'd rather see you happy than be happy myself. I know now you couldn't be happy with—an Ape." Bitterness tinged his voice. "Don't say that!" she cried. "You don't understand. . . . Forgive me, for I may never see you again." . . . Tarzan heard his name called. Unmindful, he felt something pressed into his hand.



Tarzan held in his had a cablegram from Paris. He tore it open, almost dreading to know its contents. The message was from his friend, d'Arnot. It read: "Finger prints prove you Lord Greystoke. Congratulations." At last he knew the truth. The mystery was solved. His great chest heaved with emotion.

Tarzan turned toward the window. But he saw nothing without. Instead in his mind's eye he beheld a patch of greensward in the African jungle matted with tropical plants and flowers. Above, the waving foliage of mighty trees and over all the blue of an equatorial sky! It was HOME.

A lovely girl sat upon a mound of earth. Beside her was a young giant. They ate pleasant fruit and looked into each other's eyes and smiled. They were very happy—and they were all alone. He heard her voice. . . . "I hope your message bears no bad news?" Jane asked gently.

Tarzan came to with a start. He looked toward Clayton, the man who had Tarzan's title and estates. He was going to marry the woman Tarzan loved. One word from Tarzan would take them all from him . . . AND JANE! Tarzan made his decision, made his noble act of self-renunciation.

Then he answered Jane. "It means I must return to Africa." He heard her half-choked sob. . . . "We owe you our lives," said Clayton humbly. . . . "How'd you get into that bally jungle, anyway?" . . . "I was born there," said Tarzan quietly. . . . "My mother was an ape. . . . I never *knew who my father was!*"

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